

The Collegiate

Easter, 1919

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Pugh: "Well, sir, I can add up the zeros all right now, but the figures still give me a lot of trouble."

Husband: "It's strange, but true, that the biggest fools generally have the prettiest wives."

Wife: "Oh, you flatterer!"

Miss Gordon (relating an experience with a tramp): "And then I fainted."

Ken. McGibbon: "With the right or left?"

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Jimmie (translating Horace): "They feasted on the Leather couches."
Ferg.: "Some eats!"

Mr. Brown: "Why didn't you follow that Trigonometry problem, Carr?"

Gordon: "Well, Sir, it said to go a mile and I didn't have time."

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D. N. Sinclair, Manager

We fear that Mr. Couse has had a trying time taking the groups for "The Collegiate." At any rate, the following conversation is vouched for by those who heard it:

Mr. Couse: "Do you want a large picture or a small one?"

Student: "A small one."

Mr. Couse: "Well, then, please close your mouth."

Now that they are through with it at Verdun, the results of the recent examinations would indicate that the faculty have adopted the famous Verdun motto:

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Waiter: "Yes, Sir. Sit down, Sir. We serve anybody."

Miss Harris: "Who invented the steam engine?"

Geo. Hamilton: "What, Miss Harris?"

Miss Harris: "Correct."

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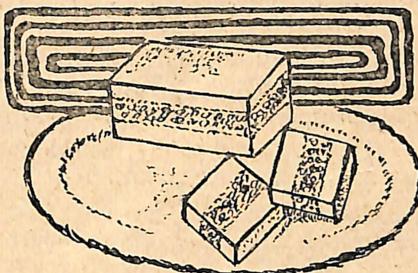
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Mr. Cowan (to Red) : "You can get rid of more money than any fellow I know."

Red: "True, Dad, but by getting rid of it quickly, I save a lot of time; and time, you know, is money."

Arthur James (to Anna Gabler) : "What does Neal call your dog?"

Anna: "Do you mean when he's calling him into the house, or chasing him out?"

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Marion Patton: "I recently heard that Mr. Dent looked a rattlesnake in the eye and made it quail."

Miss L. Campbell: "If he could look a needle in the eye and make it cow, we could cease worrying about meat bills."

Commanding Officer of Cadet Corps (to Phippen, who is acting as sentry): "What are you here for?"

Phippen: "To report anything unusual, Sir."

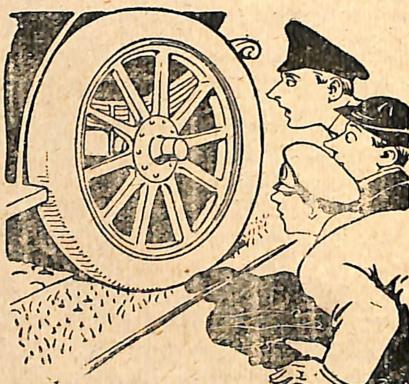
C. O.: "And what would you call unusual?"

Phippen: "I dunno, Sir."

C. O.: "Suppose you saw five battleships steaming across the campus yonder, what would you do?"

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The Collegiate

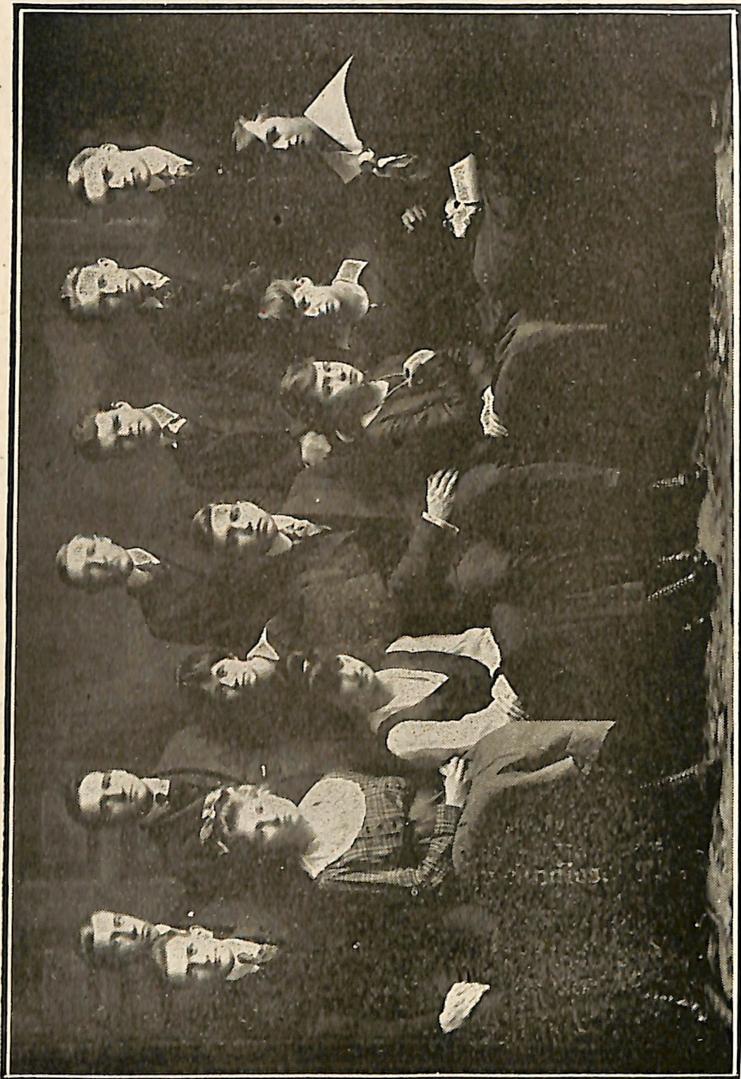
EASTER 1919

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PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

:: SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE ::



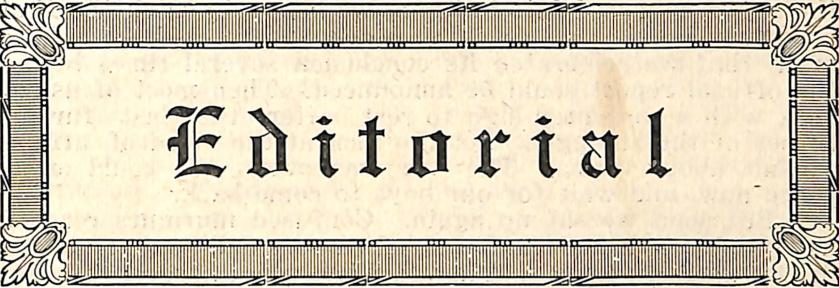
“The Collegiate” Editorial Staff

"THE COLLEGIATE" STAFF

Editors	EDWARD McCOBB
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Literature	MINA KNOWLES
Sports	BEATY JENNINGS LILIAN FULLER
Exchanges	AILEEN RICHARDSON
Alumni	BEULAH LEITCH
"Laugh and Grow Fat"	EDWARD KINSMAN
Business Manager	JOHN ALLAN
Advertising Manager	HAROLD SLATER
Assistant Adv. Mgr.	GEORGE HAMILTON
Art	NORMAN WESTON
Asst. Art	FRED PUGH

Dedication

In grateful appreciation and recognition of sincere and
kindly interest in the students individually and
collectively, and in all school activities,
we take pleasure in dedi-
cating this issue
to
Miss Gladys Story



Editorial

FOREWORD

As a publication devoted to the interests of the student body, this issue of "The Collegiate" is launched hopefully on its career, having for its object the instillation of a more enthusiastic school spirit. In accordance with this aim, our readers will note that we have given special attention to all forms of school activity, and that a number of interesting pictures and snaps portray various phases of school life. We have reviewed with pride the achievements of the past year in athletics and in scholarship. We note, as an indication of growth, the addition of two members to the faculty, and look forward with eager anticipation to the erection of a new building necessitated by our increasing numbers.

Indeed, both from the standpoint of past achievements and future prospects, every student of the school should be proud and hopeful of the S. C. I. May she ever lead in those endeavours in which her students have proved so universally successful!

—M. M.

More than a year has elapsed since the publication of the last issue of "The Collegiate." Every year brings its quota of changes. This year has brought momentous ones. We are all older, with responsibilities increasing proportionately as opportunities offer. Some of those who shared in our activities a year ago, have left our midst for a wider field of action. We wish them success in their every endeavour!

But the personal view-point sinks into comparative unimportance, as we contemplate the world-wide significance of the year's events. The march of events during the past months has been so bewildering, that now we scarcely realize that but a year ago, we were fighting doggedly on, without seeing any immediate hope for the cessation of hostilities. Then came the big spring drive, in which we strained every effort and held our breath to watch the effectiveness of our blows. The steady advance seemed almost unbelievable at first, but, as

the summer passed into autumn, we began to catch the first random gleams of approaching peace. We became so certain of it, that we celebrated its conclusion several times before the official report could be announced. Then most of us sat back with a contented sigh to rest after the last furious throes of the struggle. Let the men at the head of affairs consult about terms. The war was over. We could enjoy peace now, and wait for our boys to come back.

But soon we sat up again. Confused murmurs reached us from the other side. Troubled rumors and anxious doubts drifted through the air. The peace was not all peace. The red flag was being hoisted in the place of the imperial banners which had been so ruthlessly torn down. The League of Nations became more and more the ideal in the face of sordid reality.

We have reawakened to the gravity of the situation created by our lack of vigilance after the signing of the armistice. While we are certain of the glorious end, we are also awake to the fact that that end can be accomplished only by a continued struggle. And we are ready.

—M. M.,

OUR PATRONS

This year the Staff of "The Collegiate" has endeavored to produce a larger magazine than the previous issues. This necessitated an increase in our advertising rates. However, our supporters have given us their patronage as generously as usual. The Editorial Staff wish to extend to those Sarnia business men, who have taken space in this issue, our sincerest thanks; for, without their support, either this issue would not have gone to press, or the price of the magazine would have reached a prohibitive figure. With the help of our advertisers, we are able to sell a more expensive issue at a very slight increase. In return, the Staff wish to assure our advertisers of the patronage of the faculty and student body.

—E. M.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Four new teachers have accepted positions on the Faculty of the Collegiate Institute since last June. Mr. Brown has succeeded Mr. Overolt as principal of the school. He has shown a lively interest in all school activities, and has accomplished the hitherto unattainable by obtaining from the Board of Education a grant of twenty-five dollars for Field Day expenses. As one of the Consulting Editors of this magazine, he has helped much in the organization of the Staff and has

given valued assistance to the Editors. The school as a whole admires Mr. Brown for the activity he has shown both as a principal and a citizen. The Chamber of Commerce, having found in him an efficient and hard-working member, has appointed him chairman of the Members' Forum. The students are proud of their new principal and feel that in him they have a leader who will serve faithfully and energetically the interests of both the Collegiate and the city.

Miss M. Harris has taken over the History classes throughout the school, and has become one of our most valued instructors. She showed her enterprising spirit when she and Miss L. Campbell directed a Literary Society programme given by Lower IV. and Lower V.

Miss M. Gordon is in charge of the Girls' Physical Culture, and teaches Lower School Mathematics and various other branches. She took charge of the "Freshettes'" Reception with great success, and was chaperone at the dance given for the Chatham Basketball Teams.

On account of the distance of the Commercial Department from the school, many of the students do not know Miss E. Burke as well as they could wish. However, judging from the reports of the Commercial students, she is a very capable and popular member of the Faculty.

—E. H.

DEBATING IN THE SCHOOL

The school has not yet this year come up to its usual standard in this branch of activity, since no team representing the school in its entirety has yet met outside opponents. However, interest has not been allowed to flag in the various forms, and keenly-contested discussions, especially of current topics, have aroused active interest.

During a week in February, when Mr. Grant's absence granted them an unusually large number of spares, Middle II. and Middle I. each held a debate in the Assembly to which both forms were admitted. In Middle II. the issue, "Resolved that the Allies Should Intervene in Russia," was debated, and the decision given to the negative. Middle I. proved that Bolshevism will be beneficial to the working man.

The Lower forms have also formed actively-engaged debating societies. Their chief function was a St. Patrick's Day "At Home," held on the evening of March 17th. Every number on the program savoured of the "ould sod" except the debate, which was purely American by contrast. Lower II. who upheld the affirmative, won the debate, "Resolved that ~~Reading is of More Educational Value than Travel,~~" from the Lower I. team.

It is to be deplored, however, that our activities in this

*The war has been more beneficial
to the world at large than otherwise*

branch have been so limited this session, and we hope to see a revival of interest in debating during the coming term.

For instance, Upper School might get busy.

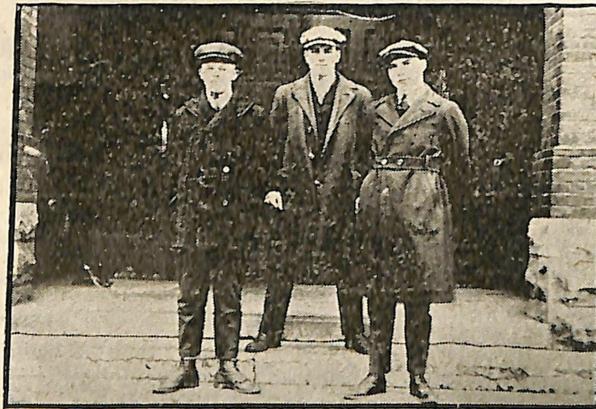
—M. M.

THE SARNIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Since last year, Sarnia has really awakened. A Chamber of Commerce drive has been going on, and, out of a population of twelve thousand, six hundred and thirteen members have been secured. The Collegiate has already felt the benefit of the new organization. Fine new uniforms for the Hockey Team have been donated by members of the Chamber. The students have heard a rumor that a certain citizen of Sarnia has offered to present a Chamber of Commerce membership to the student body, if two other broad-minded men will do the same. The student members would be elected annually by their fellows. One other man agreed to the proposition, but that is the last we have heard of it. Surely there is another citizen of Sarnia who will do this much for the Collegiate?

—E. M.

"IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY!"



The Committee

For some years, the students of the S. C. I., while grateful on many scores to the Board of Education, have had a grievance, namely, that they have not been allowed to dance in the school. This year, several new members were added to the Board at the Civic Election, and, learning of their ener-

getic action in undertaking the building of a new school, their donation to Field Day, and their generous, broad-minded attitude generally, our hopes revived. The students drew up a petition to the Sarnia Board of Education for the purpose of inducing them to lift the ban. Over two hundred and fifty names were obtained, and a Committee consisting of Edward McCobb, Elgin Turnbull and Harold Slater, was appointed to wait upon the Board. These delegates presented their pleas to the Board and withdrew before the discussion. The matter was referred by the Board to a special Committee, consisting of Rev. Mr. Hall, Dr. Hayes, Mr. Goodison and Mr. J. B. Williams. Their report granted the students their request on condition that they send their "At Home" programme to the Committee for ratification.

The students greatly appreciate this concession on the part of the Board of Education, and, through the columns of "The Collegiate," wish to assure the Board that no act on their part will make the Board regret their decision.

—E. M.

HONOURS

Once again has the Sarnia Collegiate gained the Scholarship laurels in the County. For four consecutive years, the three Carter Scholarships have been awarded to our Faculty Entrance candidates. To Robert A. MacDougall, who gained honours in both Part I. and Part II., fell the First Carter Scholarship, value \$100. The second Scholarship, value \$60, was awarded to Miss Marie G. La Pierre, who obtained honours in Part I. and pass standing in Part II. Miss Olive M. Gardiner received the third Scholarship, value \$40, for pass standing in both Parts.

J. Shurwyn Allin, who came to us from Petrolia High School to join last year's Part I. class, has reflected credit on his year by his subsequent achievements. It is understood that "Jim" has captured the Riddell Scholarship, valued at \$280. This includes \$200 in cash and two years' tuition at Toronto University. We were all surprised to learn that he had been working for this scholarship last year while pursuing his regular Upper School course.

The school is justly proud of her graduates, who have bestowed these last honours upon their Alma Mater before passing from her halls to swell the ranks of her distinguished Alumni.

—M. M.

CHRISTMAS BOXES

The S. C. I. has always delighted to remember with a sense of pride and gratitude, her students and graduates who have left her halls for the less congenial surroundings of English camps or French trenches. At Christmas time especially, we feel that this abstract appreciation can be best expressed by some material remembrance.

Consequently early in the year, the sending of Christmas boxes to those who had enlisted from the school was suggested. At the first meeting of the Literary Society early in October, R. A. MacDaugall was appointed Chairman of a Committee to attend to this duty, and was empowered to choose his helpers. Of these, special credit is due to Mina Knowles for her faithful and untiring efforts in this capacity.

The Influenza Quarantine was remorseless in its cutting off of all school activities, and this project suffered among others. However, feeling that even belated Christmas boxes would not want a welcome among our boys, we sent to work with a will shortly after school re-opened in November. The gifts this year took the form of attractive two-pound boxes of delicious chocolates. Letters of sincere appreciation of these goodies were received from many of the boys stationed at different points in connection with the service.

—M. M.

OUR NEW SCHOOL

At last we are to have our new school! The Board of Education, largely newly-elected, has awakened to the needs of the Collegiate. Our present inconveniences are many. There is but one Science laboratory for all forms. The gymnasium is in need of a new floor and extended floor space. The Assembly has been chopped off to accommodate a class, and the Commercial Department has been moved out of the building entirely as a result of the over-crowded condition of the Collegiate. However, the School Board has promised us a new building, if possible in a more central location, and they intend to build for future years. An architect has been set to work, and the plans are progressing favourably. It is generally understood among the students that a fine Auditorium and a real Gymnasium will be features of the new building.

—E. M.

OUR SCHOOL CREST

Yes, we have one! We do not wonder at your probable surprise, for the S. C. I. has not been guilty of any ostenta-

tious flaunting of banners. On the cover of this issue of our magazine appears our crest—attractive in itself, especially when printed in the school colours—blue on white. How many Freshmen of this year would recognize this as the symbol of their school? Or Sophomores? We would hate to think that one might have reached the status of a Junior without becoming acquainted with the crest of his Alma Mater. But it would not be his fault if such an unfortunate state of ignorance did exist.

Why? Well, where is our crest exhibited? If you can think of any place, except the cover of this magazine, you may call at the Collegiate office to receive a well-deserved reward.

We have an attractive school crest. Why not show it? In the many discussions of this question, the best suggestion to date is,—Why not get a stamp of our crest which could be used for a signet ring, pin or fob?

One thing is indisputable,—the Collegiate needs such a symbol. What do you think of the plan? If you can think of a better one, let us hear about it. At any rate, do something before even the old-timers forget what the crest looks like.

—M. M.

DESPAIR

It was a dark and dreary night,
Deep gloom filled all the air,
The maid's gaze on the tell-tale clock,
Was fixed in dark despair.

She clasped her hands, she clutched her hair,
Her face grew wan and pale,
She ground her teeth and bit her lips,
But all to no avail.

She twitched, she turned, she wriggled, she squirmed,
The moments faster flew,
A look of fear far worse than death,
Came o'er her face anew.

A hopeless groan passed from her lips,
And her head fell down in sorrow,
No thoughts would come, 'twas twelve o'clock,
And her essay was due tomorrow.

—Anna Gabler, Middle II.

Mr. Grant in Upper School: Allan, don't stroke your hair like that. Don't you realize that you are likely to get slivers in your fingers?"

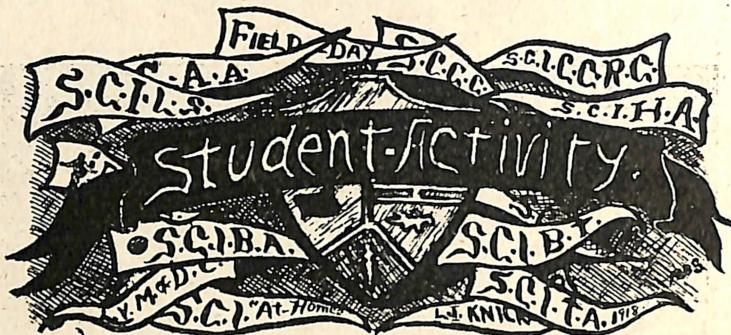
The Board of Governors, of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute, have decided to make arrangements with the local school boards to offer the following subjects in addition to those offered by the local schools:—
Latin, French, German, History, English, Commercial, Art, and Physical Culture. It is intended to offer Latin, French, German, History, English, and Commercial subjects in the first year, and Art and Physical Culture in the second year.
To attain these objects, it is proposed to build a new building, situated on the site of the old one, and to add to the present building.

SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FACULTY

Mr. C. L. Brown, M.A.	Principal and Mathematical Master
Mr. D. M. Grant, B.A.	Classics
Mr. W. A. Dent	Science
Mr. J. B. Runnings	Physical Culture and Junior English
Miss G. Story, M. A.	English
Miss M. Harris, B.A.	History
Miss L. Campbell, B.A.	Moderns
Miss M. Campbell	Art
Miss M. Gordon	Physical Culture and Junior Mathematics
Miss L. Cruickshank	Commercial
Miss C. Burke, B.A.	Commercial



The Faculty



FAREWELL TO MR. OVERHOLT

An event of the Spring Session of 1918, in which we all took part with mingled feelings was the farewell to our much loved ex-principal, Mr. Overholt, to Mrs. Overholt, whose kindly interest in the school all the students, the girls especially, remember very gratefully, to Arthur, a promising freshman in the school, and to little brother Jack, who wandered about the school at will, a law unto himself.

A meeting was held in the Assembly Hall at which the President of the Literary Society, Robert MacDougall, made a farewell address, and Mina Knowles presented to Mr. Overholt a sum of money, with the request that he equip himself for his favourite sport, golf. A beautiful basket of flowers was presented to Mrs. Overholt by Jean Conn. Mr. Overholt acknowledged both gifts, and said a few words of farewell to the students. We all hope that he knows how much we appreciate his years of faithful service, and how sorry we were to see him go.

The Play

The most outstanding event in the history of the Spring Term of the school was the entertainment given by the Dramatic Club, on March 8th, 9th, and 11th, 1918.

After an excellent introductory address by Robert A. MacDougall, President of the Literary Society and Gold Medallist in Oratory, the programme opened with a scene from "Henry IV. Part 1." Will Paterson (with an appearance of jovial rotundity secured by numerous pillows, yards of rope, and one hundred and eighteen safety-pins) made a right valiant Jack Falstaff, while Douglas Bell, as Prince Hal, and Edwin Beresford, as Ned Poins, interpreted their roles in masterly fashion. Edward McCobb, Frazeur Slater, and Vincent Leach played Peto, Bardolph, and Gadshill. Dorothy Richardson and Ed. Ferguson were Dame Quickly and Francis. The boys threw themselves so heartily into the spirit of the

play, that they surrounded themselves with the true Shakespearian atmosphere, and elicited much well-deserved praise, especially from the older members of the audience.



A Scene from "King Henry IV."

In the interval while the scenes were being shifted (that is, while the one drop the Club boasted was being reversed), the President introduced the characters in the second feature of the entertainment, a three act farce by William Dean Howells, entitled "The Garroters." They were:

- Mrs. Roberts—Beulah Leitch
- Mr. Roberts—Frazeur Slater
- Mrs. Mary Crawshaw—Winsome Pendergast
- Willis Campbell—Edwin Beresford
- Dr. Lawton—Douglas Bell
- Mr. Bemis, Sr.—Edward McCobb
- Mr. Bemis, Jr.—Vincent Leach
- Mrs. Bemis, Jr.—Dorothy Richardson
- Bella—Margaret Deans.

If Shakespeare had not thought of it first, the play might well have been called "Much Ado About Nothing," for the events involved all grew out of a stolen watch, which had not been stolen. Beulah Leitch was splendid as the fussy excitable wife, whom neither the remonstrances of her dignified Aunt Mary, the amused ridicule of her brother Willis, nor the feeble protests of her long-suffering husband, could

calm or control. Douglas Bell, as the astute Dr. Lawton, was at his ponderous best, and the part of poor old Mr. Bemis was well taken by Edward McCobb. Young Mr. and Mrs. Bemis were as attentive to each other as could be desired, and Margaret Deans made a most efficient little maid.

The last number on the program was a dancing skit, the Club's own composition, which "brought down the house."



A Scene from "The Garretors."

Frazeur Slater, hardly recognizable with black hair and moustache, made a most convincing French dancing master, and Mr. Ruski (William Rose) wore the flowing hair and soulful expression of the true musician. Everyone was enchanted with Edwin Beresford as Waltzsome Foxtrot, in evening dress and corsage bouquet, alternately manipulating a vanity case with the air of an adept, and casting languishing eyes at Algernon Fitzhandsome, sixth son of the Earl of Nodough (Douglas Bell), who flourished a monocle, and affected an English accent which would have put any native son of Britain to shame. Edward McCobb as Miss Angelina Clogg, and her dancing partner, Isaac Heavyfoote (Bill Paterson) transformed the Highland Schottische into a feat fearful and wonderful to behold. It took the audience a full minute to discover the identity of the ballet girl, whose rose-coloured dress was more familiar than her golden hair; but when she turned her face—"Why, it's Vince Leach!" was exclaimed

from every corner of the hall. The jokes and dancing in this number were most amusing, the by-play excellent, and some numbers of the audience were heard to say that the last act was worth the whole price of admission. So heartily was the program enjoyed, that the Dramatic Club was asked to repeat it in the City Hall under the auspices of The Daughters of the Empire, during the Easter vacation.

Between acts, Vincent Leach, whose voice is always pleasing, sang "O Dry Those Tears," and Douglas Bell sang "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me!" And they did! The orchestra, led by Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, filled the intermission with excellent music, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

It was largely due to the enthusiastic support, and untiring effort of Miss Story that the Dramatic Club was able to make of their entertainment such an unqualified success, and to turn over the sum of \$412 for patriotic purposes.

The Literary Society

Early in September, a meeting of the students was called to nominate officers for the Literary Society for 1918-19. After the elections of September 16th, the Executive Committee was as follows:

Honorary President—W. L. Paterson.

President—Edward McCobb.

Vice-President—Mina Knowles.

Secretary—Beulah Leitch.

Treasurer—Jimmie Paterson.

Form Representatives:

U. S.—Lilian Fuller, Robert MacDougall.

M. 2.—Mary Clarke, Kenneth Sproule.

M. 1.—Lucie Cook, Charles Mackenzie.

L. 3.—Bernice Knowles, Harry McCobb.

L. 2.—Winnifred Bell, Charles Grace.

L. 1.—Ione Caldwell, Fred Pugh.

Sr. Com.—Helen Simpson, Harold McIntosh.

Jr. Com.—M. Saunders, K. Gigax.

At the opening meeting of the Literary Society, September 25, 1918, several fine speeches were delivered by officers of the new Executive Committee. At this meeting Robert MacDougall was appointed chairman of a committee for sending Christmas boxes to the boys overseas. When the business of the day was completed, Ted Newton gave a very interesting address on the Czechoslovaks. Excellent music was provided by Frieda Taylor, William Rose, and Bernice Knowles and Frieda Taylor. Anna Mitton gave an amusing reading.

The Literary Society did not meet again till January 15th. The program was opened by a piano solo by Vivian Norwood, and two beautiful Hawaiian Guitar Solos by Verna Fraser. A reading selection by Helen Workman was much enjoyed, and then our principal, Mr. Brown, introduced Mr. Harry Ewens, the speaker of the meeting. When Mr. Ewens, who represented the Chamber of Commerce, had concluded his very interesting and instructive address, Joe Johnston



The Executive of the Literary Society

played the last number on the program, an excellent violin solo.

On the evening of February 6th, the students of Middle I. put on the first open meeting of the year. After the minutes had been read and adopted, and Mary McGeachy's clever critic's report had been delivered, Elgin Turnbull, Manager of the "All Star Co.," enlisted the sympathy of the audience for his players, who, he explained, would be obliged to present their production under serious disadvantages. All their stage equipment had been destroyed in a wreck of the P. M. only that morning, so he requested the audience to supply by imagination the rich stage setting, which the wreck had made them unable to provide. The entertainment was a two-act comedy, showing a reunion of the 1919 Middle I. class in 1940. Looking into the future we were not a little surprised at the

changes twenty years had brought. Marion Patton, K.C. and city Solicitor! Jessie McGeachy, M. P. for Forest! Ted Newton, a novelist of note! and Max Stein, a famous surgeon! How little we appreciated the celebrities we had among us, when they, like us, were just students in the S. C. I. The next scene was laid in the drawing room of Mrs. Harold Slater, nee Lucy Cook, and Mr. Slater, American Ambassador to North Borneo. It was the last evening of the reunion of the 1919 Middle I. and the talented members of the old class entertained one another with their various accomplishments. Mrs. Howard, whom we will remember as Catharine LeBel, played a piano solo which was followed by a vocal solo by her husband David, now a famous baritone. Joe Johnston, violinist of the "All Star Co." played on his violin, and Helen Gurd, a poetess of renown, read one of her own touching compositions. George Hamilton, whose coloured spectacles and preoccupied air proclaimed him to be a naturalist, narrated a thrilling story which would have been very remarkable if true. Mary Ferguson, now a famous dancer, gave the Dance of the Roses, which was followed by a piano solo by Evelyn Burge, and an amusing pianologue, "The Symphony of the Desert," by Joe Johnston. Then the ladies began to recall the old school dances and the gentlemen, with rather doubtful success, essayed to imitate them. Their efforts to master the intricacies of "Bleking" brought repeated outbursts of laughter from the audience. The entertainment closed with all the members of Middle I. on the stage in evening dress. After singing heartily to Mr. Workman's accompaniment a couple of college songs, and one composed by "Ambassador" Slater they closed with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King."

Inspired by the example of Middle I. Lower IV. and V. took charge of the fourth Lit. on February 29th, with equal success. After the reading and adoption of the minutes, Frieda Taylor and Bernice Knowles played a duet and encore. Then Jimmie Beresford and Harry Randolph gave a very amusing reading "The Fact is," followed by a rousing chorus by the boys of Lower IV. Anna Mitton's reading, "The Charge of the Mad Brigade," was so heartily encored that she responded with another, "Total Annihilation." The beautiful violin duet by Margaret McMann and Leila Fraser, was followed by a speech on Petroleum by Harry McCobb. The next numbers were a piano solo by Frieda Taylor, and a reading, "We Done it!" by Charlotte MacAlpine. A fitting conclusion to this excellent program was the fairy-like dance, "Barcarolle," by Bernice Knowles, to the beautiful accompaniment of the piano, played by Frieda Taylor, and a first and second violin played by Leila Fraser and Margaret McMann.

Literary Society

The second open meeting of the Literary Society was held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, March 20th. After the reading and adoption of the minutes, Mr. Grant made the presentations of the medals to the winners in the Victory Loan Essay Competition. Unfortunately most of the winners were absent through illness. The successful writers were:

U. S.—Lilian Fuller, Helen Lockie.

M. S.—Margaret McKay, Edward McCobb.

L. S.—Marjorie McLennan, Charlie Woodrow.

Then the Vice-President, Mina Knowles, gave the meeting into the hands of the Commercial Department, who put on a most entertaining and amusing program. The Peak Sisters, very pretty in their fichues and white aprons over dark gowns, and tall pointed hats, opened the musical program with "The Muffin Man" and "Rock-a-by Baby." The solo, "The Lovelight in my Mother's Eyes," by Sister Dorothy (Mary Wadham) was followed by a reading, "The Boston Girl," by Jean Bulman.

After singing in a most touching manner the doleful story of "Cock Robin," the sisters played a delightful orchestral selection on the one instrument they had been able to bring from Alaska. In the chorus which followed, all the sisters, with the exception of Sister Sophia (Muriel McMillan) seemed well satisfied with their position in life as "Poor Old Maids." She most pathetically expressed her opinions in the subject in a solo, "If I Only Had a Sweetheart." The reading by Miss Kilbreath, who is evidently a farmerette, was followed by the chorus, "The Little Pig." An intermission followed in which the entertainers took refreshment, and Miss Jessie McInnis, the eldest sister, who acted as manager, exhibited her superior will power by drawing her refreshment from the odour of peppermint, while all the others ate the candies. The reading "Bobby Shafto," by Velma Short, was followed by a solo, "Mary," by Helen Brown and the chorus. The closing number of Part 1 of the program was "Way Down Upon Alaska River," sung by all the sisters just prior to their departure for the land of the frozen snows. A piano duet, and a vocal duet, "Stingy Kid," by Vera Smith and Mary Wadham, occupied the intermission while the stage was being set for the second part of the program, "A Bachelor's Reverie."

With its big easy chair and shaded lights, the scene made a very pretty and effective background for the rustic belle, the golf, tennis and hockey girls, the student, the debutante, and the lady of fashion, who passed before the half closed eyes of the bachelor dreamer—Ted Kinsman. The appearance

of Olive Kaupp in white gown and veil, roused him from his reverie, and he hastened to greet his bride.

The whole cast appeared for the final chorus, and grouped around Ted and his bride, they sang "Till We Meet Again," and "God Save the King."

Freshman Class Notes

This year, the first forms have taken the lead in our school life, by forming three of the liveliest clubs in the school.

The "Lower I. Reading Club," with Gordon Gardiner as President, and J. MacVicar and Hibbert Corey, Vice-president and Secretary-treasurer, respectively, was formed primarily to review books. They also publish weekly their form newspaper—the "Knickerbocker Press," which is read at the Club meetings.

The "Lower II. Students' Association," not to be outdone by the "Reading Club" of Lower I. published the "Oracle" in opposition to the "Knickerbocker Press." Their officers are as follows: Kathleen Clark, President; George Simpson, Vice-president; Charlie Grace, Secretary-treasurer. The Editorial Staff of the "Oracle" is re-elected weekly to ensure variety in the press notices.

The development of orators seems to be the forte of the Lower III. "Oratorical Club," but they also find time to publish the Lower III. "Family Gazette," a newspaper fully as popular as its rival publication. Neal Gabler is Editor and his Assistants are Pearl Barnes, MacLean Morrison, and Gladys Cooper. The Club officers are: President, Arthur Ellwood; Vice-president, Edith Kennedy; Secretary-Treasurer, Jeal Gabler.

The three forms united in an "At Home," held on the evening of March 14th, in the Assembly Hall. The principal feature of the entertainment was a keenly-contested debate between Lower I. and II., on the subject: "Resolved: That the Recent War has been more Beneficial to the World than Otherwise." The Lower I. team, consisting of Harold Woodrow, Charlie Woodrow, and Aileen Mailloux, ~~won the affirmative~~ ^{lost negative} of the debate from John Goodison, Winnifred Bell and Verna Kirkpatrick, who upheld the negative for Lower II. Both sides, in the manner in which they delivered their arguments, reflected great credit on their forms and on the organizations in which they received their training.

The three clubs are to be congratulated also on the businesslike manner in which they carry on their meetings, and we hope that the fine example which they have set will have its effect upon the rest of the school. The clubs were formed in connection with the Supplementary Reading

Classes, but they also carry on interesting and instructive debates and oral composition.

Sophomore Class Notes

Lower V. Early in the Fall term, Lower V. organized a form club to study current history. Its president is Frieda Taylor and Secretary-Treasurer, Leila Fraser. However, owing to the press of Lower School work, the club was unable to continue its activities. But Lower V. can never be classed as a back number, for it has been very busily engaged in other forms of class activity. A debating league has been formed, and the various teams furnish instructive entertainment for the composition spaces.

Lower IV.—The name of the Lower IV. club is kept a dark secret, and only by careful persuasion were they induced to divulge the initials—C. R. H. S. L. C. Their club was formed for the purpose of studying modern poetry, science and current history. With such a wide range of study their meetings are most interesting. The officers of this enterprising organization are: President, Jimmie Beresford; Vice-President, Margaret McMann; Secretary, George Barge.

Middle I. Current History Club

Early last fall, the students of Middle I. held a meeting to organize a Current History Club, and the following officers were elected: President Jessie McGeachy; Vice-Preident, David Howard; Secretary, Elgin Turnbull; Trasurer, Grace Sharpe. The purpose of this club is to discuss current events, a knowledge of which the students obtain from articles in the newspapers and magazines. These articles are summarized and are either read or reviewed at the club meetings. The subjects for discussion are assigned by Miss Harris, and deal with such topics as Bolshevism, Reconstruction, The Work of the Peace Conference, and the League of Nations.

Several debates have already been held, for which a large amount of research work has been done. The following are the officers for the Winter Term: President, Ted Newton; Vice-president, Miles Gordon; Sceretary, J. LeBel; Treasurer, Max Stein.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

The Freshettes' Reception

The second "freshie" reception, in which the senior girls welcomed to the school their verdant sisters, was held on October 8th. The Assembly Hall was prettily decorated with leaves, fall flowers, and flags. After the Grand March, each

of the upper forms provided one number on the program. They were all good. Especially amusing was the Middle I. Skit, entitled: "As it Used to Be." Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served, and in spite of that despised law which turns out all the lights at ten o'clock, both the entertainers and the entertained heartily enjoyed the evening.

After the two basketball games with the Chatham girls and boys, on January 31st, the students of the Collegiate took their guests down to the K. of C. hall for an informal dance. Music was provided by the various musicians among the dancers from both cities. The friendly feeling which the two schools have always felt for each other was firmly cemented by this pleasant function.

The Freshmen's "At Home"

On Friday evening, March 14th, 1919, the enterprising Freshmen held their annual "At Home" in the Assembly Hall. The two main features on the program were a debate, in which it was conclusively proven that the recent war has been more beneficial to the world than otherwise, and an interesting speech by Florence Chong, on "The Priceless By-Products of the Great War." The excellence of the musical program, which was composed of vocal, piano and piccolo solos, and a chorus by the Glee Club, and the various readings hold splendid promise for the future of the Literary Society. After refreshments of coffee and sandwiches, ice-cream and cake, "Lights Out" sounded and the very successful Freshmen's "At Home" was brought to a close.

The Glee Club

Under the able directorship of Mr. Workman, the Glee Club is being revived. Although the Club has not yet made its first appearance in public, judging from the strains of melody which float down from the Assembly every Monday afternoon, we do not hesitate to say that the new Glee Club promises the best singing the school has ever had.

The Orchestra

This year, owing to the enthusiastic interest taken in athletics, the musical talent of the school was sadly neglected, until about the beginning of March, when the gifted ones got together and formed an orchestra. Since then, they have practised faithfully and under the able direction of Mr. Brush, are progressing very favourably. Their official debut was made at the open meeting of the Literary Society held in the

Central Methodist Church on March 28th, when Lieut. Robinson lectured under the auspices of the S. C. I. L. S. The quality of music supplied then gives promise of excellent musical entertainments in the future. The orchestra is composed as follows:

A. Gabler, piano; L. Fuller, M. McMann, L. Fraser, J. Johnson, R. Donoghue, C. Grace, violins; J. Conn, T. Newton, Mandolins; F. Pugh, cornet; G. Hamilton, drums and traps; Mr. Brush, director.

The Oratorical Contest

The annual oratorical contest for the Pardee Medal and the Medal awarded by the Literary Society was held on



"THE VICTORS"

Tuesday evening, December 17th, in the Assembly Hall. Elgin Turnbull, in a splendid speech, "Our Country," won the first prize. Much credit is due to Lizzie Haney, who received the second for her speech, "Modern Canada, and Her Problems," for this is the first time in the annals of the school that a girl has won in the oratory contest. Other unusually good speeches were delivered by Harold Slater and Carl Manore. The judges were Mr. Gurd, Dr. Manning, and Mrs. Paul.

On the same evening, was held the elocutionary contest

for a five-dollar prize, offered by Mr. Corcoran, and a two-dollar prize, given by the Literary Society. The contestants all showed such ability in this much neglected art, that the judges, Mrs. Slater, Mrs. McCobb, and Miss Story, found much difficulty in awarding the prizes. They decided, however, in favour of Beulah Leitch for first, Helen Workman for second, and recommended Anna Mitton for honourable mention. Other contestants were Winnifred Bell, Margaret McLean and Clara McFerran.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement was held on December 20th, and as usual, the Assembly Hall was well filled for this occasion. Mr. Logan, Chairman of the meeting, announced the decision of the Board of Education to build the much needed new Collegiate. Mr. Overholt, our former principal, who, to everyone's delight, had been able to come back for Commencement, gave a very interesting talk on the requirements of an up-to-date school, impressing especially the necessity of building for the future, and of establishing a large technical department in connection with the new school. Our new principal, Mr. Brown, also spoke of the urgent necessity for a larger building and modern equipment.

The following list of scholarships, diplomas and prizes were awarded:

Upper School: Carter Scholarships:

- First, \$100: Robert A. MacDougall.
- Second, \$60: Marie G. LaPiere.
- Third, \$40: Olive M. Gardiner.

Middle School: General Proficiency:

- First, Dr. Wilkinson Prize, \$10: Albert Menzies.
- Second, Dr. Wilkinson Prize, \$5: Mina Knowles.
- Morris Prize in Science, \$5: Park Jamieson.

Lower School: General Proficiency:

- Prizes donated by Hon. W. J. Hanna—
- Second Year, \$10; Miles Gordon.
- First Year I., \$10: Bernice Knowles.
- II., \$5: Arthur Overholt.

Commercial Department: General Proficiency

- Prizes donated by Mr. George Samis—
- Senior, \$5: Lela Miller.
- Junior, \$5: Ada Virgo.

Oratory:

- First Pardee Medal: Elgin Turnbull.
- Second, Literary Society Medal: Lizzie Haney.

Elocution:

First Prize, donated by Mr. D. Corcoran, \$5: Beulah Leitch. . .

Second Prize, donated by the Literary Society, \$2: Helen Workman.

Writing:

Prizes donated by Mr. Robert Kerr for three best male writers in the school—

First, \$5: Wilfred Rice.

Second, \$3: Walter Robinson.

Third, \$2: George Simpson.

Medals for Field Day,

Donated by Board of Education—

Senior Championship: Boys' Events, Chas. Mackenzie.
Girls' Events, Lilian Fuller.

Junior Championship: Boys' Events, John LeBel. Girls' Events, Margaret Dawson.

Form Championship: A shield for the form obtaining the greatest number of points on Field Day, to be held until next Field Day. Awarded to Middle I.

Victory Loan Essay Competition, 1918:

Upper School Silver Medal: Lilian Fuller. Bronze Medal: Helen Lockie.

Middle School: Silver Medal, Margaret McKay. Bronze Medal, Edward McCobb.

Lower School: Silver Medal, Marjorie McLennan. Bronze Medal, Charlie Woodrow.

DIPLOMAS PRESENTED AS FOLLOWS:**Upper School****Honour Matriculation:**

Shurwyn Allin (Math., French, Latin, English).

Douglas Bell (Math. and Classics).

Faculty Entrance:

Parts I. and II.: Robert A. MacDougall (Honours in both Parts). Marie LaPiere (Honours in Part I.). Olive Gardiner.

Part I.: John Bell, Edward Ferguson, Hilda Fritz, Harold Fuller, Annie Jamieson, Beaty Jennings, Isabel MacBean, Mary McGeachy, William Paterson.

Middle School**Normal Entrance and Pass Matriculation:**

Gordon Carr, Jessie Griffin, Alex. Ingram, Arthur James, Mina Knowles (Honours), Helen Lockie (Honours), Russel Murray, Pauline Powell.

Pass Matriculation:

John Allan, Jule MacVicar, Isabel MacBean, Albert Menzies, James Paterson, Frances Young.

Normal Entrance:

Flora Dennis, Beulah Leitch, Olive Simpson, Pauline Wadsworth, Dorcas Williams.

Commercial:

Bernadette Bedard, Flossie Ford, Agnes Mercer, Lela Miller, Olive Mills, Margaret Mulvale, Irene MacArthur, Helen McLaren, Isabel McLaren, Bertha Poland, Marjorie Stinson, Gladys Storey, Kathleen Taylor, Eva Tremere, Helen Wilkinson.

The vocal solo by Anna Gabler, the Hawaiian guitar solo by Verna Fraser, the violin solo by Lilian Fuller, and the violin duet by Leila Fraser and Margaret McMann, and the piano solos by Aileen Richardson, Bernice Knowles, Frieda Taylor and William Rose, constituted a musical program which the large audience thoroughly enjoyed.

In his commencement address, the Rev. F. G. Newton, who was the speaker of the evening, gave the students much good advice, interspersed with genial humor.



The G. A. A. Executive

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Early in the fall term, all the girls of the school met in Lower V. to form the Girls' Athletic Association. This organization controls all the activities in Girls' athletics throughout the school. The basketball, tennis, hockey and outdoor clubs are in association with the G. A. A. Miss M. Harvey was elected Honorary President in recognition of her interest in Girls' Athletics during her two years at the S. C. I.

The other officers are as follows:

President: Lilian Fuller.

First Vice-president: Mary Clarke.

Second Vice-President: Catherine LeBel.

Third Vice-President: Bernice Knowles.

Secretary: Dorothy Seager.

Treasurer: Bessie Grace.

Representatives: Beulah Leitch, Margaret Clark, Jessie McGeachy, Leila Fraser, Ruth Mackenzie, Kathleen Clark, Mary Heffron, Frances Grace, Helen Simpson, Olive Kaupp.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Soon after opening day, the boys of the school assembled in Middle I. classroom for the purpose of electing the officers of the Athletic Association. The meeting was an enthusiastic



The B. A. A. Executive

one, and the following executive was appointed to control the sporting activities of the school for the ensuing year:

President: R. A. MacDougall.

Vice-president: J. C. Paterson.

Secretary: E. Ferguson.

Treasurer: B. LeBel.

Representatives: Upper School: B. Jennings.

Middle II.: F. Cowan.

Middle I.: E. Turnbull.

Lower School: C. Garvie.

S. C. I. CADET CORPS

Following the magnificent showing of last year's corps under the leadership of Captain "Doc." Henderson, this year's prospects looked exceedingly promising. Although a number of the older boys of the school refused to sign up, the Freshmen came to the rescue and volunteered en masse, raising the Corps' Roster to over eighty. The Bugle Band, which was conspicuous by its absence last year, is again raised to its full strength, and is practising regularly under the able leadership of Mr. Brush.

Following are the officers:

Company Commander: James C. Paterson.

Right Half Co. Commander: Robert A. MacDougall.

Left Half Co. Commander: Edward Ferguson.

No. 1 Section Commander: Edward McDonald.

No. 2 Section Commander: Carl Manore.

No. 3 Section Commander: Harold Slater.

No. 4 Section Commander: Keith Watson.

Band Sergeant: Kenneth Sproule.

WHERE TO FIND THEM

Wilfred Rice—"Candyland."

Mina Knowles—Pendergast's.

Win. Pendergast—Knowels'.

Ken. Sproule—Kenny's bus.

David Howard—Port Huron.

Jack Currie—Hughes'.

Ken McGibbon—The Crescent.

Ten Newton—Public Library.

Son Jennings—On the Baseball Diamond.

Miles Gordon—in the detention room.

Ruth Mackenzie—in Lower I.

Marion Patton—Wenino's.

Charlie Park—at the Commercial School.

Lilian Fuller—Out.



JULY 12th



JULY 13th

OUR JANITOR

Perhaps with your knowledge
You would think that a college
With students and staff is complete;
But a man of great tact
Who cannot be lacked,
Is he, whose duty is to sweep.

And just such a man is our "Dave."
Though quite rushed, he is never too grave
To indulge in some innocent fun.
The boys gather 'round him
And completely surround him,
To hear his new Irish pun.

Though we sometimes tease him,
We would all like to please him,
For he's always right good to us.
If he told all he knew
To the "All-Powerful Few,"
He could certainly raise a big fuss.

Although this is a summary short,
Of a character of which the report
Would fill a volume or more;
Yet in this is a suggestive hint
Why the students all love without stint
Our jolly, joking, gentle janitor.

—Gordon Carr, Upper School.



THE PROFESSOR

Once upon a time, in the far-off city of Rome, there lived a very famous and very wise man called Titus Maccius Plautus. This learned gentleman has contributed largely to our present-day maxims and proverbs. But we are concerned with only one of his great saws—namely: "It is best to know the worst at once." Having such an eminent authority to support me, I shall proceed without further delay to tell you the "Professor's" name. It is understood, of course, that if complications arise, you will lay the blame on Titus Maccius Plautus.

The "Professor's name in full was Llewellyn Theophilus Philemon Venner-Smythe. Now, dear reader, presuming you have quite recovered, I implore you do not judge a boy's character from the sound of his name, for the reason that he is the helpless victim of what is sometimes an unfortunate circumstance. In this case, the "Professor's" mother was solely responsible. If, by any chance, you are a reader of "Society Chats," you have certainly seen flaring pictures of Lady Blankdale, wife of Lord Llewellyn Blankdale, the great English coal magnate. Of course, the boy had to be called after his Lordship, and the other names were "so distinguished, you know."

When he was a boy in the mansion in Sheffield, great care was taken that "dear Llewellyn" should "peruse no harmful literature." The inevitable result was, that by the time he had reached the age of twenty-one "dear Llewellyn" had read almost every detective story and mystery novel published. At this age, he could order wine in seven different languages, and could discourse for hours on anything from the Greek oracles to the study of finger-prints. Because he was born with a reserve fund of common sense, the utmost efforts of his mother failed to spoil him, but his home surroundings had such an influence on his life that, by the time he entered Chudleigh, he had the queerest mixture of ideas,

whims and fancies of any man I have ever met, or hope to meet on this earth.

But you are waiting to hear why he was nicknamed "Professor." For two very good reasons. The first is quite evident from a glance at the appellations his parents gave him to drag through life; the second was because he seemed to know almost everything worth knowing. But he was certainly not your idea of a boy with the nickname of "Professor"—a curly-headed youth with spectacles, and a pencil (which he could never find) behind his ear.

The "Professor" did not figure very greatly in the college life of Chudleigh, because he abhorred all physical exercise. When asked to train for the crew, he calmly replied that he did not see the use of poking along in a hollowed-out sliver, when he could be miles distant in his little motor-boat before they were fairly started.

Toward the end of May, 1914, a stir of excitement arose over the accidental discovery of a telegram which the "Professor" had dropped. Had you been the surprised janitor who found it, you might have read the following:

VENNER-SMYTHE,
CHUDLEIGH.

5-28-14

Honey - Bunny - Rasmataz - Hink Dink - Picadilly -
Ding - Dong - Water - Slaughter - Hop - Skip - Eeney - Mee-
ney - Jim - Crow - Oh - Boy - Lobster - Mayonnaise -.

WAL LAWALLA
SCOTLAND YARD.

The "Professor" turned aside the persistent questioning with the assertion that it was a joke by a cousin in a neighboring town, as any fool could see, if he glanced at the wording of the telegram. By the time the graduation exercises had taken place, and the "Professor" had departed for home, the matter seemed to be forgotten.

On August 4th, 1914, while wildly-cheering crowds were choking the thoroughfares of the city,—while straining eyes were reading bulletin after bulletin, extra after extra,—while the fate of a continent was being decided—while the red hand of Mars was obtaining a grip on the fields of France and Belgium,—while thousands of Britain's noblest were discarding mufti for khaki, the "Professor" was lounging in a hammock, cooled by an electric fan, reading "Twentieth Century Criminology." I called at Blankdale Hall on my way to the Barracks, but soon departed; for, to my extreme disgust, the "Professor," after some excited commends of my own on the situation, remarked that he did not see why they needed to raise such a beastly fuss.

Soon the grain-fields of Belgium witnessed the greatest carnage in history; but at home, to every inquiry why he was not in khaki, the "Professor" would drawl, "Too much bother, don'the know. Have a better time at home." Gradually some of his friends ceased to grip his hand and others, with head held high, deliberately ignored him on the street. He was met at every turn with the cry "Slacker! Slacker!" from various urchins. We were all sorely puzzled to know how he could withstand the pressure brought to bear on him by his remaining friends, and the one thousand and one disagreeable incidents that marked the daily round of his life. Suddenly, towards the end of October, he disappeared, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

* * * * *

Followed a long, anxious month. Then, Captain Rannage, an ex-Chudleighan, interned in Holland, furnished a solitary clue to the mystery. In a letter to a friend, he wrote the following:

"Whom do you suppose I met yesterday? The 'Professor'—of all men—as smiling and easy-going as ever. I asked him what he was doing in this God-forsaken country, and why he wore no uniform. His parting remarks left me disgusted, being a confidential statement that he was on a diplomatic mission to Holland, to arrange for the next season's supply of pot-eggs. What on earth is a man of his type doing here now?"

Then again impenetrable silence.

* * * * *

You know, probably, of the mysterious Englishman who enabled the British Admiralty to give orders that resulted in a swoop on the unsuspecting foe, and the winning of the Battle of Dogger Bank, and who materially assisted them in the winning of several other naval engagements,—the man who uncovered to the British the disguise of the German raider "Grief, which had donned the colours of a Norwegian tramp steamer—the man who, on his return journey to England was discovered, but managed to crawl across the Dutch frontier, half-dead, after such exhibitions of reckless bravery as must thrill the most sober-minded. You know of him, but you do not know that his name is Major the Honorable Llewellyn Venner-Smythe.

I visited him in the convalescent hospital at Berwick, the other day. He is just the same nonchalant old "Professor" of those college days in the long ages ago, before the war. As I approached the bench where he was conversing with a young lady in a nurse's uniform he saw me, and stood waiting, tall and handsome as ever. His left hand eagerly met mine in a

hearty clasp (for his right lay helpless in a silken sling). Then he turned, and said:

"This is Captain Barclay, an old college friend, dear."

I must have looked my surprise, for he remarked:

"Congratulate me, Barc., old man!"

"Why, yes, 'Professor,'" I responded, glancing at the pretty nurse at his side, "you always were a lucky dog."

"As for that, I am the one to be congratulated," commented the smiling girl. "But you have not complimented him on his greatest achievement."

And then I saw. For on the left breast of his major's tunic, from a short red ribbon hung a little bronze cross. Stooping, I read on it the words,

"FOR VALOUR."

—Ted Newton, Middle I.

The cash prize offered by "The Collegiate" for the best short story was awarded to the above story.

EVENING

The sun is slowly sinking low
In the west,
And the last soft pearly glow
On the crest
Of the hill, half-hid in shadow,
Gently fades, as in farewell
Loath to leave the little dell,
Musing deep below.

When the cows come lowing home
In the shadows,
On the soft spring breeze is blown
From the meadows,
Where the sweet red clover's blowing,
Tinkle, tinkle, of the bell,
Faint and silvery o'er the fell,
Nearer, clearer, growing.

Calm and clear the evening star
Brightly grows
Spreading radiant beams afar
Where there blows
Rocking tree-top, darkly bending,
Sheltering 'mong its leaves that glisten
Cradling nests, the green boughs lissome
All danger fending.

High up the sky the great moon sails.
Like the sheerest lace
Tinged with gold, a white cloud trails,
And apace
Spreads its shimmering faery web—
A sail for yon dark wonder-ship
Where elfin sailors rise and dip,
Sweeping fast ahead.

—Mary McGeachy, Upper School.

The cash prize offered by "The Collegiate" for the best poem was awarded to the above poem.

CHILD LIFE IN CHINA

Many of my school-mates have requested me to give an account of child life in China. Since I left my native land at



the age of ten, my recollections are rather vague, but I shall write what I can remember and what I have learned from my parents.

Perhaps my readers will be especially interested in school-life in China. When a boy starts to school, he has to pay tribute to Confucius by offering candy, sugar-cane, or other sweetmeats, which after the ceremony are a great treat to his school-mates. They have no public school building there, their classes being held in a public building, like our City Hall. They have to provide their own tables and chairs for

school use and they have to pay a certain fee to the teacher for a year.

Let us suppose that we are paying a visit to a Chinese school. The first thing that meets our view is a large, one-story, brick building surrounded by a bamboo fence. Along the front of the building are cement steps, running across the whole side, and a verandah surrounded by round stone pillars.

When we enter the school, we notice that it is divided into two parts. The front part consists of a hall and two entrances leading to the second part and has a large opening in the centre of the roof. The second part is higher than the first. It has three rooms, a large one in the centre and a smaller room on each side. What attracts our attention is the middle room. As we approach the door, we see a number of tables and chairs, each with its busy worker. At the end of this room, facing the front, sits a teacher, busily writing with a brush which he uses instead of a pen. On further investigation, we notice a door on each side of the class-room. When we open one of the doors, we see many beds with curtains hanging from the roof of the bed. This is their dormitory. Now we shall retrace our steps and go to the opposite room, which is the dining room. As we proceed, we notice a door leading from the refectory to another room. When we open this door, we find a double stove which is built of bricks. Near the ceiling, a hole is made to let out the smoke.

We are told that they have three lesson periods a day—one in the morning, another in the afternoon, and another in the evening. In the first period when lessons begin all the students have to stand up and read at the same time. As soon as reading is over, each student goes to his teacher to recite his lessons without any help. After that, he goes back to his table and does some other lessons while other students recite their prepared work. In the second period, each student again has to go to his teacher, and this time he is assigned his lesson for the next day, which his master teaches him until he can commit it to memory. In the third period, in the usual period, each student is taught how to use his brush correctly. They do not read or write as we do. Instead of reading from left to right, they read from the right up and down, and they write in the same way.

We have learned about their school-life. Let us turn our attention toward their various festival days. Like other countries, China has her flood season in the spring, and while the flood is still high, they have different water sports. The fifth of May is the day set apart for rowing. In the morning, they have their religious services and in the afternoon the rowing contest begins, in which the villages

compete against one another. The boats are not like ordinary row-boats. They are painted red and are oblong in shape like a dragon. Each holds eighteen men, and a boy is placed at the dragon head as a guide. The winner of the race, rows from place to place and at every village they pass, they are complimented by the people who cheer and fire off fire-crackers. For a whole day, the contest continues until evening.

Perhaps among the most celebrated festivals is one on the sixth of July for girls to worship the seven daughters of God. They had an old belief that there are seven stars which are the daughters of God, and once every year they come down to earth during night time, so at this evening, they arrange a magnificent array to welcome them. For many days the girls are busy preparing for this eventful night. They make beautiful fancy lanterns, fancy candles, flower baskets, fans and various other fancy articles. They build a summer-house which they decorate with their arts. In the centre of the house, they place a table. The table is covered with a beautiful tapestry. On this they spread their fancy drinks, nuts, cakes, candy and various fruits and cut-flowers. In the evening, they all gather together and light the lanterns, and candles. The place is like some enchanted fairylane. In the morning all take a drink of the fancy drinks before they eat other things, because they believe that if they drink their fancy drinks, they will be clever, having been blessed by the Angels.

All over the world, the Chinese people are celebrated for their kites. The kite season lasts from the fifteenth of August to the ninth of September. During these days, boys are roaming along the river sides, or some marshes, seeking for a special kind of vine. They cut off a piece and thin it off so that when they wave it, it will make a humming noise. The finer they make the vine, the clearer sound it will give, This they tie to their kites and when it floats up into the air it gives a humming or buzzing sound. The kites are in many shapes and colours, some like a swallow, eagle, sniper, fish, centipede, the flower of China, and in other designs. They are allowed to fly their kites every evening during the kite season. After the kite season, if any boy were caught flying his kite, the teacher would hold him responsible for not attending to his lessons. He would then have one of his eyes marked with a red ring for being disobedient.

—Florence Chong, Lower II.

Reta R.: "May I get a drink?"

Miss C.: "If you wouldn't drink so much, you wouldn't be so fresh."

A WELCOME

He reached the little gate, at last,
Half-hid with roses down the lane,
He pushed it wide, and striding past
Beheld once more his native home.

In that happy home, he saw the light
Of his mother's fire gleam warm, and far
Above, the sky serene and bright,
And he murmured, "Home, at last."

'Tis four long years since last her boy
That little, aged mother saw,
Who now with tears of grateful joy
Runs down the path to meet her lad.

"Ah! Long I've waited this glad time
When home again your steps could turn,
From stricken France to your native clime,
Heaven a recompense has sent.

You never more will stray or roam,
You never more will leave me, dear,
No more will sail across the foam?"
And clear he answered, "Never more."

—Lizzie Haney, Middle I.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

"Such is life!" sang out young Baxter to his comrades in a Canadian advance post in No-Man's-Land, facing Vimy, "just one chunk of mud after another!"

His cheery greeting was met with muttered oaths, for this was Christmas Eve and the men were in no mood for jokes. They cursed the luck that had sent them to do this work on this night. Though they tried to forget their troubles and do their duty, it was hard work to forget, while they stood there up to their waists in mud, their clothes soaked in it, and their helmets covered with it. Then, it began to rain!

Over across the way, Fritz was, for the most part, in somewhat the same mood, for he loves his Christmas as well as any man, and, furthermore, he has not inherited the same "stick-it-out" spirit that belongs to every Briton. But there was one German in this area who was not affected by Christmas sentiment. The Prussian leader opposite Baxter's regiment had decided to make a surprise attack on the Canadian position.

Accordingly, that night, unwilling yet obedient Boches came pouring over No-Man's-Land. However, the German commander had been mistaken in his idea of the enemy's strength. For, though the Canadians were soaked in mud and cursed their luck, their rifles and bombs were dry and ready. The bombs did their work, the rifles spoke, and then they met them with the cold steel.

"Confound them!" gritted Baxter, as he lunged his bayonet at an advancing Hun, "A fine time to start a show!"

The little group held up the advance long enough to let the main Canadian force make ready. Then, the Canucks swept forward and forced the enemy back to their own trenches.

"No Santa Claus for you, little boys," growled Baxter at the retreating Huns. Then he went down with a bullet in his hip.

He lay in a mud puddle near the German lines until the first faint streaks of day—Christmas Day—appeared in the sky. He now felt able to move a little. Slowly, and with terrible pain, he began his way toward the Canadian trenches. He had covered probably one-half the distance, when the enemy, for no apparent reason in the world, began sweeping the surrounding space with a machine gun. No one could live in the open. The only shelter near enough for Baxter to reach in his present condition was a slight elevation, capable of covering but one man. He at once made for this.

"Curse them!" he muttered as a bullet got him in the shoulder. "Well, I made it."

He flung himself behind the rise only to land on top of a Boche, coughing, badly-wounded, behind this shelter. The Hun tried to protect himself, but was too weak to do more than raise his arm. Both could not hide there. That was certain. Baxter swore and looked at the grey-coated figure beneath him. He began to shove it away, but stopped. He could not do it.

"Poor devil! I'll give him a chance," he muttered, as he pulled the Boche back into place and began crawling towards a shell-hole which he knew, however, he could not reach.

"And to-day is Christmas."

Then he sighed and lay still, for a bullet had found his heart.

So does the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of giving, and of goodwill toward men—conquer, even on the muddy, blood-stained battlefield.

—Miles Gordon, Middle I.

OUR FALLEN HEROES

They fought in the water-soaked trenches,
That we might be saved from the Huns,
Now they ask in exchange but a soldier's grave,
And their country to call them her sons.

They ask in exchange but a soldier's grave,
And could we more honour them give?
For they will not care where their bodies may lie,
If they know in our memory they live.

If they know that we will not forget them,
As down through the ages we pass,
Their bodies will sleep, though they lie in the mud,
Marked by only a crude wooden cross.

Oh, sons of our fair native country,
Whose bodies in alien soil lie,
Though your voices to us are now silent
We know what those voices would cry.

We know what your spirits are calling,
'Tis a phrase which to us is well known,
'Tis the word which to us spells our duty,
"Tis the old martial phrase, "Carry On."

And we'll keep it forever before us,
"Twas the slogan of you who are gone,
And when we are ready to join you,
We'll shout to our sons, "Carry On."

E. H. Kinsman, Middle II.

SPOT

Ever since the earliest days of her life, Barbara Wetherston had longed for a dog, a real dog. She had wished for a pet upon which to pour out all the warmth of her very warm little heart, and the overflowing affection which had to be firmly attached to some living thing.

But Barbara had not received a dog. Aunt Martha had seen to that. "I'll never have one of those little beasts skulking around my house," she used to say coldly, at each and every one of Babs' timid advances on the subject. After these encounters, the child would run through the great, lonely house, rush out of the back door, and throw herself upon the wooden bench in the rose-arbor, to cry until her abundant store of tears was exhausted.

Barbara, at the age of sixteen was, however, beyond the

stage of weeping,—or thought she was. She could feel just as badly, oh! just as badly, but she had learned not to show her sorrow so obviously. To-day she sat in the arbour in a listless attitude, her head drooping slightly, and her hands in her lap. Her curly black hair was tied behind with an enormous pink hair-ribbon. A white smock with pink collar, a white skirt, and white stockings and slippers formed the remainder of her apparel. As Babs lifted her head a little, her face could be seen more easily. It was a rather thin little face, and the blue eyes had an indescribably hungry look. Her nose, turned up the least little bit at the end, would mar her beauty forever, or at least so Babs thought. Indeed, one could not have called her exactly pretty, but there was something about her, something that seemed to emanate from her whole personality, that drew one toward her. One felt that she could and would have given her love to anybody and anything, even to Aunt Martha, if that august lady had tried to gain it, tried just the least little bit.

It was this picture of the girl in the rose-arbour that was presented to the appreciative eyes of Jimmy Langton, Babs' one faithful friend. At the sound of his step on the gravel walk, Barbara jumped to her feet.

"Oh' Jimmy," she said, "I'm so glad you've come."

"But you'll be happier when you hear of somebody else I've brought with me," Jimmy replied. Just at that instant Jimmy's pocket moved with a few frantic and mysterious jerks. Then a strangled bark was heard.

"The little brute has given everything away," the boy said with a rueful sigh, as he brought forth a little black and white ball, which soon resolved itself into four legs, two ears, a mouth (with a few sharp teeth in it, too, as Jimmy had already found out) and then a nose,—but what a nose! It was for all the world like a tiny, round, black button which had been pushed into the middle of the dog's intelligent little face.

After the first few rapturous moments, Babs' happy face began to cloud over, and her head drooped once more.

"But Jimmy," she said, "I can't keep him. You know I can't! Aunt Martha won't let me."

"Now, Babs," Jimmy answered. "Don't be a little silly. You needn't worry about that. I've fixed everything. Mathews, your coachman, has promised to keep Spot in the stable for you. But for mercy's sake, don't let Miss Wetherston know a thing about it! You remember the time I kept that stray dog for you. You grew repentant after about two days, and told your aunt all about him. Well, you know the rest." He nodded his head meaningfully.

"I should say I do," said Babs, "and, Jimmy, I promise

I'll never let Aunt Martha hear a word about it."

Late that night Babs crept out of the house and through the garden. The rose-arbour was even more beautiful by moonlight than it was in daytime. The great masses of delicate blooms looked almost ethereal. Their sweet scent was wafted about by the evening breeze. Roses! Roses! Roses! They seemed to be everywhere! They bordered the walks; they clambered up over the back of the house; they grew almost under your feet. On the other side of the rustic gate, and the green hedge which separated the garden from the different parts of Miss Wetherston's property, lay long stretches of smooth lawn, and beyond that the region of the stables.

Babs ran quickly over the soft turf, for the night was cool and she had only slipped a light cloak over her thin dress. Under her arm, she carried a basket, and in that basket—Spot, all snug and warm and sleepy. Babs had just reached the stable when she heard voices, seeming to come from just inside the door. She waited outside, planning to speak to Mathews after his visitor had left. She sat down upon an old bench, which had been placed against the stone wall, and gazed at the dog. How lucky it had been, she thought, that Aunt Martha had gone out earlier in the evening. It had left Babs a clear field to take Spot to Mathews.

At that point the girl's soliloquy was brought to a sudden end. She saw a puppy run out of the stable across the lawn and drive-way, under the fence and into the woods beyond. After him went Mathews and—Aunt Martha!

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" her aunt wailed to the coachman, after he had tried in vain to catch the dog. "I was to give the animal to Barbara for her birthday, to-morrow, much as I hate the pesky little beasts. And now it's disappeared, after I've gone to all the trouble of getting it. Oh me! Oh my!"

After these astonishing remarks, Babs jumped up and ran over to her aunt.

"Dear Aunt," she said, her warm heart touched at once, "did you really do all that for me?" Miss Wetherston nodded.

"And there isn't another dog to be had in the village," she replied. But Babs was equal to the occasion. She opened her basket to let her aunt see the placid face of the sleeping puppy. "You can keep him," said her aunt, and then walked quickly away.

"Oh! I am lucky to-day," said Babs, with a great sigh of happiness, "Now just suppose Aunt had first seen Spot while he was chewing up a stocking, or making a meal on one of

her best pairs of shoes. As it was ——. Oh! he did look so sweet and innocent."

—Helen Gurd, Middle I.

CLOUDS

In the east, a faint golden glow lit up the sky, and tinted the small white clouds. Overhead was a deep blue, which reminded me of a baby's eyes or of a blue evening dress, the soft, fleecy, white clouds resembling tulle, dropped carelessly about the graceful shoulders of some beautiful young girl. Perhaps it was the early morning that brought these fancies to me, or possibly I had a secret longing for the youth and beauty lost to me forever. As I watched the moving clouds, my thoughts changed. Surely they were fairy ships sealing over the blue sky to their homes in fairyland, after having spent the night at a moonlight dance and feast in the forest. Yes, I could almost see Queen Mab riding on that largest cloud, and the morning star, just faintly visible through the veil-like cloud, could be nothing other than the magic star at the tip of her fairy wand.

Then, as I looked farther south, I saw swiftly approaching, a huge dark cloud. There were the evil fairies, goblins, gnomes and elves, in pursuit of Queen Mab and her train. Perhaps some mean trick or evil design had, during the course of the night, been frustrated by one or more of the kindly fairies.

Or was I wrong? Gradually a new fancy came to me. Those slender fleecy clouds had been young people, youths and maidens, launching their small, delicate craft out into the world, out from the sheltered harbour of home into the chartless expanse of time. Yes, and those dark clouds represent the bogs, the storms, and the whirlpools of the temptations of life. Harsh words, which crush the spirit, or small sarcastic remarks that, though unnoticed by the observer, cut even deeper. Greed, theft, anger, outbursts of passion, and cruelty were what I saw in the dark cloud. Would they engulf the frail fleet?

No! Suddenly, the sun broke through the storm clouds dispersing them as quickly as they had come, and like a beacon light guided the frail fleet safely into port. Strange quietness seemed to prevail. Only pure white clouds were left, tinted with the golden rays of the sun. These were the souls, who, battling for the right, had vanquished the wrong, and shone with the glory of their victory. A feeling of deep peace stole over me, and with a sigh of gratification for the lessons

which the clouds had taught me, I rose and started down the hill towards home.

"Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew pearled,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

—Kathleen Clark, Lower II.

OLD FAITHFUL (S. C. I.)

You are filled to the brim with pupils,
You have more than you well can hold,
And you are condemned as useless,
For they say you are growing old.

But think of the pupils you've held here,
Nor think that you've done it for naught,
For some noble men and women
In you in their youth were taught.

We do not desire to harm you,
By remodelling here and there,
To do that would be quite to transform you;
There would need changes everywhere.

So we hope you do not feel insulted,
That a new school we plan now to raise,
To accommodate those that are coming,
For of you we have nothing but praise.

When we think of the good you have done us
We are sorry that you have to go,
But we're glad that we must have another,
For our city, you know, must grow.

—Neal Gabler, Lower III.

THE HONOURED GUEST

Katy's father had been on active service in France for well-nigh two years. She remembered clearly that eventful morning when he had bade them farewell at Branksome Junction. How manly and courageous he had seemed as he looked into her face and said, "Good Bye!" She could see yet the look of yearning that revealed more plainly than words the effort it had cost him thus to give up all for the privilege of "doing his bit." And now, after two long, dreary years of waiting, he was at last coming home.

Aye! He was coming home—but not the same handsome,

buoyant father who had left her. No, indeed; the awful war had left its indelible stamp on the man! No longer would he be able to superintend the sugar factory at the corners. Work of any kind was, thenceforth, out of the question for Mr. Byron. Still, he had been spared—spared to spend the last years of his life in comfort—spared for Katy. How thankful she was for that, and what a debt of gratitude she owed that noble man who had risked his life in No-Man's Land to save her father! The papers stated that he had received the Victoria Cross.

"Well, he rightly deserved it," thought Katy. "Any man who would do that is worthy of the highest that can be offered."

The letter in Katy's hand slid to the floor. It was the latest word from overseas and, along with the regular routine news, was the glorious word that "father" had been fortunate enough to be placed in a Canadian draft, and would arrive home in time to partake of the Christmas dinner. He would sail on December the fourteenth, and Katy, figuring it up, decided that it would be Christmas day before he would reach Branksome. She determined that her dear father should find a cosy home and a splendid Christmas dinner awaiting him when he set foot on home soil once more. She would prepare one of the finest banquets that was ever served anywhere, and father should forget for the time, at least, the hardships and trials he had undergone during those two awful years.

Busy weeks followed. There was the house to be cleaned, the windows to be washed, the curtains to be taken down and stretched, and a "thousand and one" different things to be done in preparation for the homecoming. As the weeks shortened down into days, plans for the dinner began to take concrete shape. A large, fat, eight-pound goose was ordered, cranberries were procured, celery, spices, salads, dressing, everything suggestive of Christmas began to appear upon the scene as if by magic. It required a great deal of extra work and effort for Katy but the busy little woman seemed to think of nothing but to please father. As she hustled about the kitchen preparing the cake, she might pause a moment to recollect that he liked thick icing with grape jam between the layers. Then again with the cranberries and salads, it was his tastes that were considered above everything else.

It was Christmas morning. Everything was in readiness for the honoured guest. The goose was cooking in the large iron stove, sending forth sweet and savoury odors, and the table was supplied and adorned with everything to tempt the appetite and please the eye. Busy little Katy, taking a glance at the clock for the twentieth time that morning, and noting that the hour of ten was at last near, hastily donned her

smartest frock and, slipping on her Scotch tam-o'-shanter, issued forth into the frosty morning atmosphere.

The distance to the station was rapidly covered, and soon Katy found herself gazing down the long, narrow track for a sign of the train which, she knew, must soon be approaching. Nor had she long to wait. Within a very few moments the smoke was noticeable above the tree-tops, and soon the heavy dark form of the engine hove into sight.

Her eyes shone as she gazed with mute delight at the roaring monster fast approaching. Her father was being borne along to her with the swiftness of the eagle. In a little while, now, she would be safe in his arms, nevermore to leave. Yet what if—but no, that would be impossible! She quickly cast her apprehensions to the winds. He was sure to come! She had received his cable notifying her of his arrival in Canada. Yes, he was certainly on that train which was even now drawing up at the platform.

She gazed at the eager faces in the windows. Car by car she ran her eyes down the train. No face which resembled her father's met her glance. Still he was on the train somewhere, and it was only a matter of time till she would see him. The passengers began to file out. Eagerly she scanned each person as he alighted from the train. One by one, the cars were emptied and soon the train began to move off. What could be the matter? Surely there was some mistake. She would ask the station master. Perhaps he could explain the situation.

Hurrying in to the wicket, she hastily told her tale and asked for an explanation. The station master looked at her and from the bottom of his heart he pitied her, but it could not be helped. She had gone astray in her reckoning. According to the new timetable, which had gone into effect the previous week, it would be two days before her father would arrive. That would be too late for the Christmas dinner which she had spent so much time in preparing. It would not keep over. Yet what to do with it she knew not.

She left the office and went out to the platform once more. Most of the passengers had left and only a few stragglers hung around the station. Among these, Katy caught sight of a very lonely-looking returned soldier, who was wandering aimlessly up and down the platform as if in utter despondency. Katy, passing over to him, timidly ventured a "Good Morning."

The man paused, looked up and, attempting a smile, asked her if there were any decent boarding houses in the place. He would have to wait here for five hours before he could catch a train to take him to his destination and he wanted a temporary shelter.

Katy's heart jumped. Should she give this soldier the things that had been prepared for her father? Should he be her guest for Christmas? She knew that her father would have invited the man, so she decided to do it.

When told of the plan the soldier at first objected but finally consented and was hustled off to Katy's house. Katy, an admirable entertainer, made him feel at home from the very first and the two had a splendid day. They made such good use of the time that ere they knew it, they were fast friends. The hours sped quickly by and finally came time for the visitor to depart.

As he was donning his reefer, Katy chanced to notice on his lapel a little bronze medal which attracted her attention. On closer inspection, she saw that it was nothing less than a Victoria Cross awarded for Valour.

"Goodness, gracious!" she exclaimed. "Are you a V. C. and you didn't say a thing about it? Please tell me the story."

Nothing would do but that the whole story must be told. He had simply crawled out into No-Man's Land and brought back a pal, and they had raised a big fuss over it.

"I'll bet that fellow felt pretty thankful that you were on the spot, eh?" questioned Katy.

"Yes, I guess Byron—"

"Byron! Byron!"

And then Katy guessed it all.

Grasping the soldier's hand she dared to kiss the rough, stained fingers.

"Thank God!" she murmured. "Thank God I did it."

—Elgin Turnbull, Middle I.

SPRING

Don't you see the buds a-swelling,
And the sugar sap a-welling,
All the boys and girls compelling
To be glad?

Don't you hear the birds a-singing?
Don't you see the bees a-winging?
And the feathery clouds a-clinging
In the sky?

Don't you hear the cow's soft lowing
And the lusty rooster's crowing?
Don't you see the new grass growing
All around?

Don't you see the warm sun beaming?
In the woods the bright flowers gleaming?
Don't you feel the joy that's teeming
Everywhere?

Hear the children's joyous crying,
Even sorrow now denying!
In the world there's no more sighing,—
Spring is here!

—Clara McFerran, Middle II.

THE OPAL

When the long, long shadows cast themselves over a weary world, and the snowy clouds, which have gambolled all day in the western sky, are transformed into gloriously tinted mountains of silver and amethyst, turquoise, saffron and rose, there is nothing more refreshing to the tired heart than, sequestered in some quiet nook, to gaze into the rainbow-heart of the sunset and dream sweet dreams of long ago.

"How beautiful it is! How like an opal!" I whispered to a fat robin, who was singing his vesper song from the branch of a blossoming apple-tree.

"An opal! Yes," a clear voice tinkled in my ear, "and hads't thou the eyes of the fairy folk thou shoulds't see each night — but thou art kind to the little people. I will tell thee the story."

A silence followed, which I, fearing to lose the charm, did not break. Then the voice began:

"For millions and millions of years, Father Sun has worshipped the Moon.—passionately wooed her. But though she loved him, the Moon was a timid maiden and each night when he whispered, "Will it be tomorrow?" she made answer, "A little longer! Wait just a little, I pray thee!" And while he waited centuries passed.

But at last came the glad day when she promised, "It may be tomorrow." Great was the rejoicing in the Garden of the Setting Sun. The father called all his Sunbeams to him and said,

"Smile brightly tomorrow, my children. My love and I will be united tomorrow and the world must make merry with us."

Never was there such a day. The Sun beamed on the world and men rejoiced in the blessed rays. The tiny Sunbeams danced into the dark rooms where sick people lay in pain and into gloomy cells where sad men languished. And as the day waned the Sun painted the whole horizon gorgeous shades of violet, topaz and coral till the western sky seemed ablaze with beauty.

In Shadowland, clad all in misty white, the bride awaited the hour when she should meet her lord. A network of tiny stars, each like a perfect diamond, clung about her, enhancing her still beauty. Around her were grouped Venus, her maid of honour, and her seven bridesmaids.

Dusk came on. With her maidens the Moon drifted to the Isle of Twilight and there met her lover. The wind and waves made sweet music, the little stars danced in the gloaming and there, beneath a canopy of palest rose and silver, they were wedded."

"But the opal?" I asked after a pause, in which the only sound that broke the stillness was the soft cooing of a sleepy bird.

"Oh, yes, the opal! Only for a moment could their supreme happiness last. When the Isle vanished into the Sea, the Sun withdrew into Shadowland and the Moon slowly rose in the heavens. But as they parted, an opal, all fire and frost, fell from the sky and, as it sank into the water a fairy shallop flitted down the last little sunbeam and received it. And each night through the ages since, these faithful lovers have kept tryst, and always there is the opal, the symbol of their love, to be wafted away to the Garden of Memories.

And now I must go. They call me. Good night, dear mortal."

"Good night, and a thousand thanks," I answered softly. And as I watched the last pale streaks of rosy light fade from the sky, and the white moon shine out, I could almost see the shy little maiden creep into the arms of her lover. A moment and then—was it only imagination—or did I see an opal fall?

—W. Pendergast, Middle II.

In Memoriam

The Influenza Epidemic has brought sorrow to many Sarnia homes during the past winter. The Collegiate Institute mourns the loss of Herbert Hammett of Lower V, who died during the time that the school was quarantined for the epidemic.

OUR CROSS

The lilies bloom
 The poppies wave
 In Flanders' fields
 Where sleep the brave.
 No mad gun's roar
 Breaks on their rest;
 The plains are steep'r
 In silence blest.

The sky-lark's song has no note of fear
 From out the blue trilling sweet and clear,
 For Spring and Peace roam hand in hand
 Above our Dead in that distant land.
 And Spring and Peace to our land return
 Scattering joy, though our hearts still yearn
 For those who lie in dreamless sleep
 In Flanders, 'neath the poppies deep.

Their work is ended,
 Their vigil o'er—
 In the dusk we sit
 By the old home door;
 Their chairs are vacant—
 The cross we share
 Seems far too heavy
 For us to bear.
 Our loved ones sleep!
 On we must go—
 The journey long,
 Our progress slow.

Oh, Father! give us strength our cross to bear, and keep
 Us true, until with Thee, we meet the loved who sleep!

—Clara McFerran, Middle II.

HIS FIRST LESSON

"Well, what is the matter with my writing, anyway?"
 angrily demanded the young man of his old friend. "Why
 aren't my stories published just the same as Dane's?"

"I can readily understand why you are angry, Forsythe,"
 replied the editor, calmly. "You undoubtedly have a much
 better style than Dane. There is only one respect in which
 his manuscripts are superior to yours. But that one asset,
 which you lack, is what will decide your future as a short-
 story writer. Why, man, it's as simple as A.B.C. You're too
 cold! You're not human! I admit you have a wider range of
 thought than Dane, but his characters live ten times as
 much as yours! If you want your work to meet the approval

of the public, you must have a sympathetic viewpoint. To read any of your stories, one could tell at once that you are not in the work, heart and soul. If you had to have the money to live on, as Dane does, you would make a success of it. But it can't be done just as a hobby, you know. I could tell you in one word, what is the matter with you, but it would be better for you to find it out for yourself. The best thing for you to do, under the circumstances, is to go away, alone, for a month or so, preferably farther north, where you will see some real people. How what you will see there will help you, I leave for you to find out. Now go, and bring back a story in a month, fit for publication!"

After this unusually lengthy speech, Mr. Curtis returned to his neglected work and Russell Forsythe walked, silently and sullenly, out of the office of "Curtis and McMann, Publishers." His anger had passed, leaving him stubbornly blind to any view-point but his own. His pride was piqued at being so unceremoniously dismissed, and he was deeply hurt at being so severely criticized. No person but his father's intimate friend would have dared to treat him so disrespectfully; and the fact that Mr. Curtis had known him from boyhood was no excuse for his plain speaking. He had said, in effect, that he was merely trifling with his talent because he still had his father's legacy to live on. Well, he would show him whether he was trifling or not, and he would not need to take his advice to do it, either! Why should he go away just because that crazy editor had told him to do so? Of course he wouldn't go away, if for no other reason than to shake Curtis' self-confidence. What right had he to tell him to go away, anyway? The idea was preposterous! He would not go away!

Nevertheless, the next day found him speeding away from the city on the morning train. He tried, with apparent success, to assure himself that he was following this course on his own initiative. He certainly was not following Curtis' advice! Oh no! Far from it! He had merely decided to take his vacation earlier this year, and was going to his summer camp in Muskoka. That he was going north also, was not accounted for by his interview with the editor, but by the fact that he had gone south the previous year, and he was merely following his long established custom of going, alternately, north and south for his vacation. The fact that he was alone was not significant either, because he had left Toronto so unusually early that he could find no one to accompany him. No, he hastened to convince himself, it undoubtedly was not Curtis's opinion that had swayed him in this matter.

These thoughts engrossed him all through the journey, until he stepped out on the platform of the familiar little

station of Rousseau. There was nothing unusual in the village since he had been there two years before, and he started along the main street with a brisk, swinging gait, refreshingly invigorated, after his long journey, by the mountain air.

The village children gazed at him in silence as he passed. Dressed immaculately in a soft green suit of the newest fashion, with broad white panama hat, and shining chocolate Oxfords, he was indeed, to them, a being from another world. If he had only known it, one smile from him would have transformed the grave expression on the faces of the little group into one of jolly laughter. But he passed on, heedlessly, in his ignorance, leaving them standing gazing dubiously at his aristocratic back.

"iminy, he must be rich!" exclaimed a little boy, his big blue eyes bigger and rounder than ever, with wonder and admiration.

"Huh! Stuck-up old thing!" disdainfully sniffed an older girl, as she turned on her heel and walked away.

Russell walked along the narrow street, unconscious of the epithets flung at his handsome back. He reached the trail that led out of the village, and followed it along to his cottage. Reaching it, he stopped short in front of his summer home. Had he not sent word to the old fisherman who lived on the beach to open it up? Yet here it was, nailed and boarded as securely as if it were mid-winter. He must look into this, and see why his commands had not been obeyed. Well, he would wait a while. Likely the old man was somewhere around, and would soon be here. He removed his hat, and, running his fingers through his glossy black hair, viewed this, his prison for a month. Yet it would have been a very pleasant prison could he have appreciated the wild beauty around it. The sombre tones of the distant hills were repeated in the tall, dark pines which stood as silently as sentinels behind the cottage. The lighter foliage of the shaggy white birches, and the tall, wraith-like poplars stood out in vivid contrast against the dark background. What better music than the gentle ripplings of the little mountain lake, harmonizing melodiously with the whisperings of the soft spring wind through the trees? The delicate odours of spring flowers pervaded the air, and, in the great forest stillness, the long musical calls of birds could be identified individually.

Russell stood looking at the little brown cottage, with windows and doors so uninvitingly boarded up, until the last vestige of annoyance had died away, leaving him unusually sad and lonesome. He simply could not stay here, alone, a whole month! He wanted company. But where to get it? He left his suitcase on the verandah and started down the

narrow, winding trail to the fisherman's cottage. Hemmed in on both sides as he was, by towering pines, spruces and birches, he had a sudden feeling of helplessness in the midst of such silent, overpowering, majesty. He walked along dejectedly, his hands in his pockets and trouble in his dark blue eyes.

Suddenly, at the turn in the road, he found himself confronted by the little boy whom he had seen before on the street, gazing up at him with large, round, pleading eyes.

Impelled by a sense of his own loneliness, Russell asked him, with unusual kindness in his tone,

"Why, what's the matter, little chap?"

"Oh! Will you help me find him? He went in there." Bobbie pulled at his hand eagerly, indicating a hole in a nearby fence.

"Yes? What was it?" asked Russell.

"Why Jack, a course, my dog," Bobbie impatiently informed him. "Hurry! Let's catch him."

Russell picked the little boy up in his arms, and, running over to the fence, placed him on the other side and crawled through the hole himself, regardless of damage to his clothes. A welcoming bark finally answered their searching calls, and Bobbie ran forward and clasped Jack in his arms, squeezing him so tightly, that the dog barked sharply. The realization came to Russell with a shock, as he watched the pretty child, that, in the whole twenty years of his life he had never seen anyone so happy as even this dog made Bobbie. It was an embarrassing discovery, and he quickly picked Bobbie and his dog up in his arms, and deposited them safely on the other side of the fence.

Then, remembering his original errand, he asked Bobbie about the fisherman. He answered, quite casually, that the old man had died during the winter, and was more enthusiastic in his desire to accompany Russell to the cottage than to enter into a conversation about the fisherman.

They set out along the trail again, and, when they reached the cottage, set to work to open it up. Russell worked all afternoon, entertained by the tale of Bobbie's childish joys and woes and set his companion on the way down to the village after an early, cold, camp supper. As Forsythe was soothed to sleep that night by the breaking of the waves on the shore, there was something else in his heart, besides a selfish ambition for his own welfare.

Through the days that followed, the friendship thus begun, developed naturally under the softening influence of nature. Russell's own selfish interest vanished before Bobbie's implicit confidence and blind adoration. He found himself every night looking forward to the next morning

when the child would come up the trail with his dog, and the villagers soon regarded them without comment, as they started out together on their long romps.

One morning, he rose early, and, refreshed by a cold dip in the lake, prepared his usual solitary breakfast of bacon and coffee. As he lingered over the last of the appetizing victuals, there suddenly sounded in his ear, music, as sweet and clear as the nightingale, and, looking out of the cottage door, he saw a singing girl approaching. She was picking flowers as she walked. Sometimes they missed the basket on her arm and fell to the ground. He noticed that she was plucking them very aimlessly, and, as the full light of the rising sun shone on her face, he realized, with a start, that she was blind.

He watched her in silent wonder as she stood, unconscious of his presence, with the sun playing on her soft brown hair, and her uplifted face shining with almost ethereal radiance, as she poured forth her matin song. Then her keen ears heard his step on the verandah, and she stopped short in her singing, with a strang expression of doubtful surprise on her face. As she opened her mouth to speak, Russell stepped quickly up to her, and said,

"Do not be afraid. I am camping here. I heard you singing and stood to listen."

"Oh," said the blind girl, with quick relief in her voice, "you must be the gentleman Bobbie talks about. I am his sister. I started out for an early morning walk, and did not know I was so near your cottage. My blindness, you see, sometimes plays me tricks."

"But is it not dangerous for you to walk around here alone? It is so near the lake," Forsythe anxiously inquired.

"Oh no. My hearing is exceptionally keen, you know, and then I know all the trails around here very well. I am used to it now. I have been blind for two years."

He regarded her with deep compassion, and was moved to ask,

"Is there no hope at all? Have you never tried to have your sight restored?"

A painful flush tinted her pale cheeks, and her sensitive lips quivered, as she replied,

"Yes, I went to see a specialist, and he told me that an operation would cure my eyes, but," she hesitated in confusion "it is very expensive, and I cannot afford it."

Russell was silent. Ashe watched the patient, cheerful expression on her beautiful, pale face, he felt something entirely new to him—pity for someone besides himself. Then he emitted a long, low whistle, as a thought formed and

developed in his mind. The blind girl broke in upon his thoughts, asking timidly,

"Are you still there? Has anything happened? I heard you whistle,"—she paused for an explanation.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "if you knew a man who has so much money that he has made himself selfish, and everybody connected with him unhappy, what would you say if he offered to pay for your operation?"

"I should be very grateful," she said quietly, "because, when I had my sight I could easily pay back the money. But of course, that is impossible, because there is no person who would—"

"Oh, yes, there is," Russell interrupted, "I would."

She was struck dumb with wondering gratitude, and then tears rose to her sightless eyes, and rolled down her cheeks. She quickly brushed them away, and extended her hand timidly, to meet Russell's in the warm clasp of gratitude. Standing there, Russell Forsythe head in her glowing, smiling countenance his first great lesson:—

"Happiness is found only in making others happy."

Some time later, while in a Toronto hospital, Alice Harding was undergoing an operation which resulted in the restoration of her sight, in the office of "Curtis and McMann, Publishers" Henry Curtis was grinning broadly over a letter from Russell Forsythe. Throwing it across his desk to his partner, he remarked drily,

"I guess we'd better send all our selfish, narrow-minded would-be authors up north for reconstruction. Now, Forsythe will write."

Jessie McGeachy, Middle I

SONNET

(After Wordsworth)

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being as I am deprest
To think that now our lives are only drest
For study. Homework now in every nook
And corner of our way! And who can brook
To forfeit every hope of well earned rest
At night, to do each teacher's strict behest?
No lesson now in class-room or in book
Delights us. Worry, hardship, suspense—
These fill our days and these we do abhor.
Light hearts and pleasant thoughts are now no more.
Our Lits., At Homes, and even Basket Ball
Are gone. And now we face the consequence
Of missed exams,—a nightmare dread to all.

Clara McFerran, Middle 2



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

As there was not enough material in the school to form a hockey team like last year's, the girls have put all their energy into basketball, and have made a decided success of it. For several years there has been no regular school team, but this year, a good one was organized, and two outside games played. Much credit is due to Mr. Runnings, who devoted so much time and effort to the coaching of the team until they were ready to oppose other teams. As can be seen, his untiring work produced excellent results.

The opening games of the season were preliminaries, played before the boy's exhibition games. In the past the girls have always followed Girls' Rules, but this year, they have changed their method and are now playing Boys' Basket ball. Consequently the first preliminary games were rather confused as no one thoroughly understood the rules. Finally, however, from these players a regular school team was chosen, which has ably upheld the reputation of the S. C. I.

Wilfred B.: "Say, Cora, what do you have your hair pulled down over your ears for?"

Cora E.: "To try to make myself deaf to your everlasting talking."

Helen B.: "Did you hear about the man in Russia who was killed the other day?"

Muriel M.: "No. How did it happen?"

Helen B.: "Well, he was eating a piece of horse meat and when it was half way down, another man hollered 'Whoa!'"

Chatham C. I.—0; Sarnia C. I.—10

The first game played with an outside team was staged in the S. C. I. Gymnasium between Chatham and Sarnia. The gym. was filled to capacity with an enthusiastic crowd which demonstrated unusual vocal ability. The game itself was "fast and furious," Chatham putting up a good fight. But the combination and superior shooting displayed by our girls



The Girls' Basket Ball Team—18-19

succeeded in piling up a heavy score against the Maple City.

The Sarnia lineup was:

L. Fuller, (Capt.) R. Defense; M. Clark, L. Defense; L. Fraser, Centre; B. Leitch, R. Forward; B. Virgo, L. Forward. Referee B. Jennings, Sarnia.

Chatham C. I.—8; Sarnia C. I.—11

A return game was played a week later in the Chatham gymnasium, before a lively crowd of rooters. The game was much closer than the one in Sarnia for Chatham showed a great deal more confidence on their own floor and their shooting was excellent. But our team play and combination told in the end, for the final score stood 11-8 in favour of the Sarnia quintette.

Sarnia C. I.: L. Fuller (Capt.) R. Defense; M. Clark, L.

Defense; L. Fraser, Centre; B. Grace, R. Forward; B. Virgo, L. Forward Referee—Mr. Corey, Chatham

The Tournament

Under the able management of Miss Gordon, a tournament was arranged, in which every form took part. These games were played with five players under Girls' Rules, and, although not as fast and exciting as the other games, still they aroused much interest in all the students of the school. The tournament lasted about three weeks, and altogether there were nine games played. The Championship was finally awarded to Lower 5, who undoubtedly proved themselves the fastest team in the school.

Lower 5:—D. Seager, R. Defense; F. Taylor, L. Defense; L. Fraser, (capt.) Centre; B. Grace, R. Forward; B. Knowles, L. Forward. Referee—Miss Gordon.

Tennis

A tennis club was formed in the fall in connection with the G. A. A. The officers are as follows:

President—Frances Young.
Secretary—Mary McGeachy.
Treasurer—Helen Simpson.
Representatives:

Upper School—Beulah Leitch.
Middle II—Marjorie Kerr.
Middle I—Grace Sharpe.
Lower V—Frieda Taylor.
Lower IV—Margaret McMann.
Lower III—Aileen McFee.
Lower II—Rose Simpson.
Lower I—Mary Heffron.
Sr. Com.—Vera Smith.
Jr. Com.—Gladys Prue.

A tournament was drawn up under the directorship of Miss M. Campbell. Owing to the short season, the double sets could not be completed during the Fall term before the school was closed during the Flu Quarantine. The single sets were played off, Mary McGeachy gaining the championship in close finals with Beulah Leitch.

Baseball

The Senior Commercial girls at the first sign of spring, have displayed their interest in Athletics. Their choice of activity in this branch is one which is unique in the history of

S. C. I. Girls' Athletic Associations. They have formed an enterprising Baseball League, consisting of two teams. The "Short, Stout, and Stubbies," captained by Helen Brown, promise to give their opponents, the "Long, Lean and Lankies" under Jean Bulman, a hard fight for championship. Frank Wise, the only gentleman which the Senior Commercial boasts, is wisely maintaining strict neutrality, and officiates as General Manager for both teams.

Notes

We wonder what the Chathamites really thought when, on their arrival they were forced to make the two-mile walk up from the P. M. "Depot." They must have a good opinion of the Sarnia Street Railway Service.

Did everyone see "Dadie" Clark in the game at Sarnia suddenly take to horseback riding and endeavor to use Jean Fleming as her trusty steed?

Miss Fleming retaliated at the return game, by trying to play leap frog over Lilian Fuller's head.

Sarnia's victories were undoubtedly due to the work of her forwards. Blanche Virgo's shooting at Sarnia and Bessie Grace's at Chatham were the main features of the games. Lilian Fuller astounded everyone, including herself, by shooting a basket at Chatham.

Did the Chatham crowd have a good time here? We don't know. They were given lots of exercise anyway.

Did we have a good time at Chatham? We'll say we did.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Baseball

The spring of 1918 saw a great revival in baseball at the S. C. I., and, from all indications, even greater interest will be taken during the coming season. Last spring, several of the best players enlisted for farm service; but enough good material remained to form a league of two teams, captained by "Jimmie" Paterson and "Son" Jennings. Owing to the press of school work, the league suspended operations with the two teams tied, although both managers claimed the championship. From the players developed in this league, a school team was selected, with "Bob" McDougall as captain. The team played several games, but most of these were with teams from the city. Next year, it is hoped that games can be arranged with Port Huron, Richmond, Marine City and several other nearby towns.

The following are the most important games, although

several other games played with the Bear Cats, Point Edward, and the Lumbermen are not listed.

City Team 4; S. C. I. 3

On May 24th., the Collegiate-City Baseball game was one of the G. W. V. A. Field Day. After eleven hard-fought innings the City team was victorious over the school team by the score of 4 to 3. The feature of the game was the pitching of MacDougall. Bob was in rare form and had the game well in hand until the eleventh innings, when a poorly played fly ball allowed the urbanites to push the winning run across. Longo pitched a very effective game against the students, and undoubtedly was responsible for his team's victory.

Port H. H. S.—8; S. C. I.—0

In the next game, which was played in Port Huron against the High School team of that city, the S. C. I. was ignominiously whitewashed by the score of 8-0. The feature of the game was the aerial ascension of Duncan and Jennings, ably assisted by Garvey and Henderson. In the first two innings, Port Huron secured seven runs on errors, but after that the S. C. I. boys held them down. MacDougall pitched a good game, although he received wretched support from the infield in the first two innings. French, the Port Huron twirler, held the Sarnia boys to three hits, one each going to Garvey, Duncan and Jennings. The team as a whole was very weak on the offensive, but on the defensive played a good game after they had settled down.

S. C. I.—6; Pt. H. H. S.,—3

The return game with Port Huron was played on the S. C. I. campus, and the home team took revenge for their previous defeat. Although Port Huron at first objected to the diamond, on the ground that they did not like to have the pitcher sniping at them from a shell hole, they at last consented to give battle. When the game was finished, it was found that Sarnia had come out on top by the score of 6 to 3. The feature of the game was the hitting of "Jimmie" Paterson, who contributed three two-base hits to the cause. MacDougall pitched a steady game and was backed by good support. French was not as effective as in the previous game, and was touched up quite freely. Waterworth, who replaced him in the seventh inning, showed little improvement.

City—12; S. C. I.—4

On July 12th., the school team lost to the city team by a score of 14 to 4. The school team was weakened by the absence of several players, while those who were on hand played a very poor game. MacDougall was not in form and was replaced by Gibson in the eighth innings.

The following players took part in the above games: MacDougall, Paterson, Cowan, Garvey, Jennings, Duncan, McGibbon, Henderson, Fiddes and Teskey. As all but the last three of these players are back at school this year, from all appearances the S. C. I. will have an aggregation capable of taking the number of the majority of the teams around these diggings.

MOTTOES

Upper School—"There can be no improvement in perfection."

Middle II.—"There is no joy but calm."

Middle I.—"The more the merrier.."

Lower V.—"Why should life all labour be?"

Lower IV.—"The clock hath struck; let us away."

Lower III.—"While there's life, there's hope."

Lower II.—"There is no rest for the wicked."

Lower I.—"We are but little children weak."

Sr. Com.—"Industrious: that's us all over."

Jr. Com.—"We are little, we are wise,
We are terrors for our size."

Ivan Caldwell.—"No day without a line."

Norma Mavity.—"Make haste slowly."

Clifford Carter.—"Requiescat in pace."

Max Stein.—"Sweets to the sweet."

Miss M. Campbell.—"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Helen Leckie.—"Still waters run deep."

Mr. Runnings.—"There's nothing too good for the Irish."

Mr. Grant.—"You'll graduate, if you live long enough!"

Red Cowan.—"All is not gold that glitters."

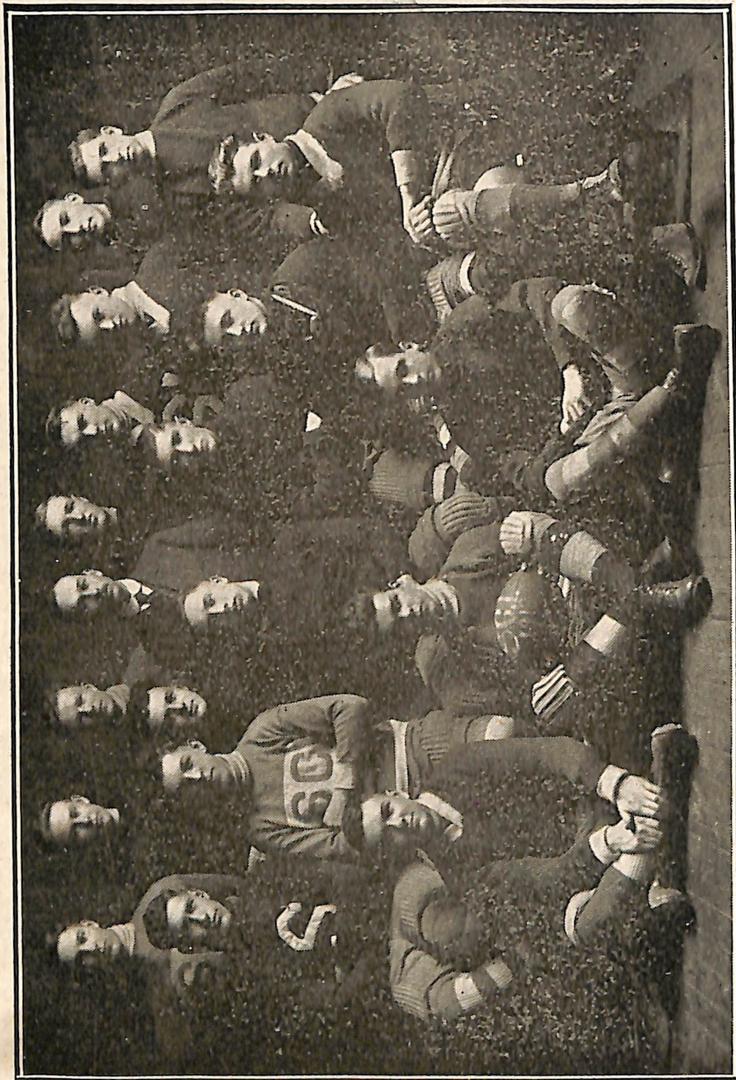
Beulah, Mina and Win.—"Birds of a feather flock together."

Alma Langlois.—"Silence is golden."

Miss Story.—"Act, Scene and line?"

Miss Gordon.—"Open the windows, please."

Mademoiselle Mackness
Dancing and Vocal Lessons
Lesson in Studio 4 - 10 p.m.
Suite 40 Higher Arts Building



The Rugby Team—1913

FOOTBALL

At the annual banquet of the team of 1917, Jimmie Paterson was unanimously elected captain for 1918. Although several of the players were not to return to school for the year of 1918, it was expected that a fast team, capable of upholding the honour of the S. C. I., could be formed. Our hopes received a setback at the first practice when Jimmie had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. He resigned his office as captain on account of this accident, and Ed Ferguson was elected in his place. As usual, games were arranged with Petrolia to get us in condition for the expected games with our old rival, London. After postponing the first game several times, London defaulted at the last minute, giving as their reason, the Flu epidemic. After this disappointment, interest lagged and the team met Guelph in the semi-finals after only two nights' practice. Although the Guelph boys won this game through their superior merit after ten minutes' overtime, they knew that they had had a hard fight. We hope that next year, the S. C. I. will be able to reach the finals and defeat our old jinx, U. T. S.

Old Boys—13; S. C. I.—0

On Sept. 29th, the School team was defeated by the Alumni fourteen by the score of 13 to 0. The school team was no match for their heavier and more experienced opponents, but nevertheless, played a good game throughout. The old boys would no doubt have run up a larger score, but for the fact that about half of them were, for the greater part of the game, sitting around the field resting. This game proved invaluable to the school team, as it showed their weak spots, and gave them an opportunity to strengthen them before the first big game.

Petrolia, 13; S. C. I., 5

On Thanksgiving Day, the S. C. I. fourteen motored to Petrolia to play the Petrolia town team, and were handed a defeat for their trouble. The Petrolia team was heavier than the Sarnia players, and continuously broke up their plays. The S. C. I. half line fumbled badly, but, outside of this, played a good game. Sarnia's lone touchdown was the result of two successive bucks by Smith and Cook, Cook carrying the ball across the line. Houston was practically the whole Petrolea team and scored both their touchdowns, it seemingly being impossible for the S. C. I. boys to stop him.

S. C. I., 3; Petrolia, 0

In the return game with Petrolia the S. C. I. team showed good form, and defeated their heavier opponents by the score of 3 to 0. The Sarnia line showed great improvement, repeatedly smothering the Petrolia plays. The half line handled the ball better, and displayed better form in their bucks, although they were still weak on end runs. In spite of this improvement, the S. C. I. were only able to score three rouges; although they once had the ball right on the line but could not push it over. The game was a trifle rough and helped to get the team in condition for their expected games.

S. C. I., 1; Guelph, 2

On Nov. 20th, the S. C. I. played Guelph C. I. at London in the semi-finals of the O. R. F. U. At the end of the game, the score stood tied at 1 all; but Guelph won out by 1 point at the end of ten minutes' overtime. In the first quarter, there were no scores and the play was confined around centre. Near the end of the second quarter, Quelph kicked over for a rouge, making the score 1 to 0. The third period, like the first, was scoreless, although Sarnia was forcing the play. In the last period Sarnia changed to a kicking game and at last was rewarded by a rouge. In the overtime period both teams showed the effects of the strenuous game, and here Guelph's superior condition told. In spite of this handicap, however, the only thing that prevented Sarnia from scoring was the wonderful work of Carroll, who time and time again returned kicks when the Sarnia men were right on top of him. The deciding point of the game was secured by Guelph when Sarnia fumbled a kick and Guelph recovered, thus putting her in a position to kick over the line for a rouge. The feature of the game was the work of Carroll, Numan and Smith for Guelph. Smith, although the smallest man on the field, time and time again aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators by his playing. Smith for Sarnia was the fastest man on the team, until Paterson was substituted for Johnston and startled the natives by his speed. The work of the Sarnia line-ups was extremely good, especially in the last half when their defense was impenetrable to the Guelph attacks.

S. C. I. line-up: Johnston, l.e.; Ferguson, l.m.; Allen l. i.; Phippen, scrim.; Newton, McGibbon and Richardson, r. i.; Jennings, r. m.; Manore, r. e.; Sproule, q. b.; Cowan, r.h.; Ferguson, Paterson, c. h.; Cook, l. h.; Smith, f.m.; Garvie.

BASKETBALL

The S. C. I. basketball quintette got away to a flying start when they defeated Strathroy C. I. in Sarnia by a score of 55 to 5. After seeing the team perform in this game, the fans predicted a season of phenomenal success for the team. However, Jimmy Paterson very foolishly contracted the "Flu" although he refused to divulge the name of the person who



The Boys' Basket Ball Team—'18-'19

induced him to sign the contract. On top of this disaster the elongated centre man, "Son" Jennings, threw a spavin in the game with Port Huron High School, and was forced to remain out of the game for several months. As our "long-haired boy," Bob MacDougall, was the only forward left, since all the subs were guards, the team was forced to suspend operations. The aforementioned game in Port Huron was lost by a score of 48 to 33. This was due to the fact that there was no substitute to replace Jennings, making it practically four men against five. The Junior Team, strengthened by MacDougall and Sproule of the firsts, played the return game with Strathroy and defeated them 28 to 18 on their own floor.

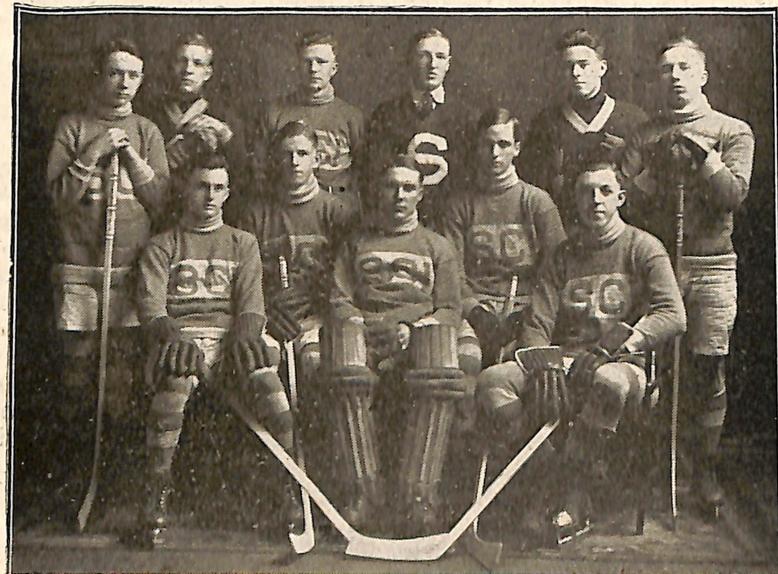
During the season the work of the guards, Ferguson and Sproule, was good, although their effectiveness was some-

what depreciated by Ferg's refusal to abdicate from his position as chief gum chewer of the S. C. I. and Ken's repeated indulgence in "Indoor Sports" in Port Huron. McCobb, Howard and LeBel will probably be back at this seminary of learning next semester, so we will leave their praises to be sung by future bards.

After a lapse of several years, the S. C. I. has at last a Junior Team. This Junior Team has played several games with Port Huron teams, and was a great help to the S. C. I. first team during its short life. This Junior Team will in all probability be the first team next year, as all of this year's firsts "expect" to graduate.

HOCKEY

When a meeting to form a City Hockey League was called, the S. C. I. sent representatives to see that a Collegiate team was entered. Before the opening games of the schedule, the prophets as usual got busy and arranged the order in which the teams were to finish. In all the wide variety of choices, six teams were carefully selected, and then as an afterthought, the Collegiate was inserted at the bottom of the list. The first game against the Bear Cats seemed to bear out the opinion of these authorities, as the Collegiate was defeated 6 to 1. Although the Collegiate defeated the



The Hockey Team—1919

Lumbermen 4 to 1 in the next game, it was thought that they might finish in sixth place as the Lumbermen had been much overrated. Point Edward was the next opponent of the Collegiate team, and S. C. I. were again defeated 7 to 4. The fans were somewhat surprised when the fast Mueller aggregation went down to defeat before the Collegiate by a score of 3 to 2. It was thought that this was a mere flash in the pan, and the Imperials were loud in their prophecies of what they were going to do to the Collegiate in the next game. The majority of the fans believed in these prophecies, and were greatly surprised when the Collegiate gave the "Hard Oils" a stiff fight. When the fire-works was over, it was found that the score was 5 to 1 in favour of the S. C. I. The Perfections defeated the school team in the next game by the score of 5 to 3, thus forcing the S. C. I. to play off with the Imperials for a place in the semi-finals. To prove that their previous victory over the Imperials was not a fluke, the Collegiate team again defeated them by a score of 4 to 2. In the semi-finals the Collegiate team was paired with the Bear Cats, but was defeated by them 1 to 0.

In the first few games, the team had no uniforms, and the collection of sweaters displayed was, to say the least, motley. At last the members of the team were about to provide themselves with uniforms, but owing to the generosity of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, they escaped this expense. The boys of the hockey team take this opportunity of thanking the members of the Chamber of Commerce for their kindness.

FIELD DAY, 1918

Mirabile Dictu! For two years in succession old Jupiter Pluvius has smiled on the S. C. I. athletic aspirants by favouring them with a faultless day for the annual Field Day. As usual, the preliminary events were run off on the campus (alias backyard) in the morning, and the finals at Bayview Park in the afternoon. This year there were many more entries than ever in the Senior Boys' events, and consequently much more interest was developed than formerly. When the final count was added up, it was found that Charlie Mackenzie was champion by a goodly margin over Jimmie Paterson and Ed Ferguson. Charles displayed good form in all the events and won a well-deserved championship.

In the Junior Boys' contests, Johnny LeBel proved too speedy for his opponents and easily won the medal. Miller and Grace finished second and third respectively; both have several more years at school and should improve greatly in that time.

In the Senior Girls' events, Lilian Fuller again walked off with the championship. Margaret Deans and Bessie Grace finished second and third, while all the others were "also ran's." The Junior Girls' events brought out by far the greatest number of contestants, and if all these only keep up their interest, several speed artists will surely be brought to light before they graduate. The Junior champion was Margaret



"THE VICTORS"

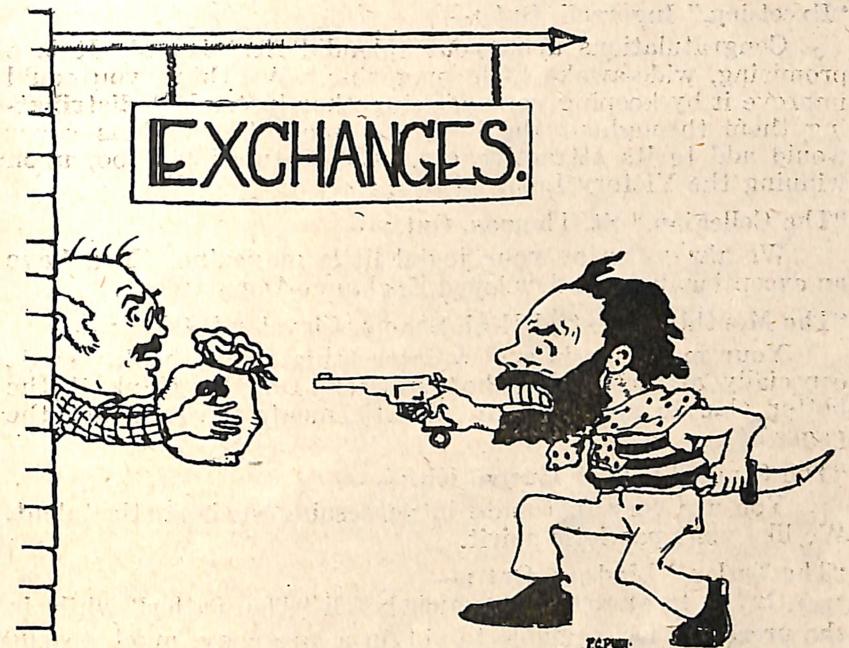
Dawson, who had a hard fight to win the championship from Alice Haines and Mary Conn.

The S. C. I. Athletic Associations are grateful to the Sarnia Board of Education for their interest in Field Day this year, and are indebted to them for their donation of twenty-five dollars for the various medals.

NOTES

When Jimmie Paterson got going in the Guelph game, several of the Guelph players were heard to remark that he was the fastest sub they had ever seen.

The dispute between Jimmie Paterson and "Son" Jennings is still waxing hot and furious as to whose team won the Baseball Championship.



Owing to the long interval which has elapsed since the last issue of "The Collegiate," our Exchange Department has been deplorably neglected. However, we have made an effort to extend it to its former satisfactory dimensions, and, thanks to the prompt response of many of our old friends, we have received and reviewed a fairly large number of school magazines.

We wish to acknowledge, with heartiest appreciation, our reception of the following valued exchanges:

Trinity University Review, Toronto, Ont.:—

We appreciate your faithfulness in sending us, monthly, your instructive publication. It is especially commendable for its close touch with current events. The University, like the High School, should have a comprehensive knowledge of current events.

St. Andrew's College Review, Toronto, Ont.:—

We are proud to see among your "Portraits of Old Boys" that of one of our ex-students, Lieut. Carlyle Phippen, of the Royal Air Force. We share your pride in them and mourn with you in the loss of Neil Hanna, who was also one of our ex-students. Your illustrations are very fine.

"Excision," Ingersoll, Ont.:—

Congratulations upon your splendid first issue! It is a promising, wide-awake little magazine. We think you could improve it by keeping your ads. together instead of distributing them throughout the book. A more harmonious cover would add to its attractiveness. Congratulations, too, upon winning the Victory Loan Essay prize!

"The Collegian," St. Thomas, Ont.:—

We always enjoy your jovial little magazine. You have an exceptionally well-developed Exchange Department.

"The Monthly," Central High School, Cleveland, Ohio.:—

Your magazine is a very interesting little book, made especially attractive by photographs. Do you think it the better plan to scatter your advertisements throughout the pages?

"The Student," Port Huron, Mich.:—

You are very fortunate in possessing such poetic talent. We like your patriotic spirit.

"The Tatler," Lindsay, Ont.:—

Owing to an accident which befell "The Tatler" while in the press, we were unable to obtain a late copy, much to our regret. Does your "Sumphunny Orchestra" still exist? How is your "Annie Laurie Corner" flourishing?

"The Chinese Students' Monthly":—

This book is published by the Chinese Students' Alliance in the United States, and is one of our most brilliant exchanges. The February number of this magazine especially contains a very excellent article on "Wilson's Principles of World Reconstruction" in its application to the Far East. Every issue contains a great deal of interesting information on China, viewed from a Chinese standpoint.

"The Inlander," U. of M., Ann Arbor, Mich.:—

We enjoyed your magazine very much. The article in your February issue on "Russia and Bolshevism" is exceptionally well written. Your short stories are also wholesome and interesting.

Advertisement in Lower II. "Oracle"

SARNIA NEAR GRAVE INSURANCE CO.

W. Crawford, Manager.

Chas. Brown, Secretary.

Office 197½ Boycott Ave.

(Over G. Simpson & Co's Undertaking Parlours)

OUR RETURNED MEN

Sarnia Collegiate has always cherished a feeling of grateful pride for the numbers of her students and graduates, whose names she has been able to write on her Roll of Honour. She has inscribed with reverence the names of those to whom it has been given to offer the glorious supreme sacrifice. Now in a gladder day, she is happy to welcome those who are returning to her halls. It is indeed an honour to the school to be able to enter on its rolls the names of men who, on the execution of their duty, are now returning to resume their studies. Our returned men are Jack Barrie and Hardy Hill, both of whom have found their places in Middle I.

Jack Barrie left school to enlist in the Canadian Engineers on June 1st, 1918. He was very shortly after sent to Brockville, where he entered on the strenuous routine of drill and fatigue duty. As no further drafts were sent overseas on the conclusion of the armistice, Jack was transferred with his company to the Canadian Garrison Regiment at Kingston on the 23rd of December. He received his discharge in January, to the delight of his friends who were glad to welcome him back to the S. C. I.

The personnel of the school is quite changed from that which Hardy Hill left in 1916. He enlisted with the Overseas Division of the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserves, on March 1st, 1917, and was sent overseas only fourteen days later. He received about two months' training in Chatham Barracks. On the completion of his course, he was drafted to Penzance for service on His Majesty's trawler "Amroth." Mr. Hill saw active and doubtless exciting service for the next months, as the "Amroth" acted as a convoy patrolling the North Sea. He was later detailed for mine sweeping and carried on this dangerous work in the English Channel and off the west coast of Ireland. Mr. Hill's efficiency was recognized by his promotion to the rank of mate on August 30th, 1918. From this position, he soon rose to a higher, and on September 18th was made skipper.

It is not every school that can claim a sea skipper among its students and Sarnia Collegiate is justly proud of the success of her students.

—M. M.

THIS YEAR'S UPPER SCHOOL

Every year, the students are realizing more and more the value of an Upper School course, and this year's Upper School class is the largest in the history of the school. Robert MacDougall, although he has already been successful in

securing Parts I. and II. Faculty Entrance, is this year taking an Honour and Scholarship course, and we are looking for great things from "Bob." Harriet Brault from Wallaceburg High School, and Mary McGeachy are also taking Parts I. and II. Faculty Entrance, and should gain honour both for themselves and the S. C. I. Of last year's Upper School, Edward Ferguson, Beaty Jennings, John Bell and William Duncan are back and the ranks have been swelled by many Pass Matriculants. Mina Knowles, Helen Lockie, Frances Young, Jessie Griffin, Lilian Fuller, Pauline Powell, Beulah Leitch, Ross Humphrey of Dresden High School, John Allan, Gordon Carr, and James Paterson complete the Upper School class roll.

TO OUR GRADUATES

Greeting

All Hail, Alumni and Alumnae!

You are away from us now, away from the old interests, the old pleasures and friends. You have broken the school ties which still hold us and have entered upon a broader sphere of activity. Out there in the world, a great work is awaiting you. Already you have made your decisions and chosen the paths which you are to follow. Wherever it leads you, be assured of the most sincere interest of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute in our welfare and success. Often we think of you and wonder if you ever look back to dream of happy days spent in the S. C. I. If this message but brings those days more vividly before you and serves to bind you more closely to the old school, it will have accomplished its aim.

Last Year's Alumni

When, in April, 1918, Wm. L. Paterson joined the Siberian Expeditionary Forces, we all exclaimed, "What shall we ever do when Bill is gone?" But although we knew that we should miss him in every phase of the school life, we were proud to see him go, and he has made a splendid soldier.

The Sarnia Collegiate Institute is well represented this year at the various universities. Shurwyn Allin, Douglas Bell, Bert Menzies and Stuart Henderson are at Toronto; Edwin Beresford and Frazeur Slater at Michigan, and Arthur James at Western.

Marie La Piere's exceptional ability is being recognized at Faculty, while we are sure of Olive Gardiner's success at McDonald Institute, Guelph.

Hilda Fritz, Flora Dennis, Olive Simpson, Dorcas

Williams, Pauline Wadsworth and Isabel McBean are attending London Normal School. Soon they will be learned pedagogues. Annie Jamieson and Lieuellan Grace are at Toronto Normal, taking a course preparatory to kindergarten teaching.

Dorothy Richardson, Muriel Barnes and Emily Clark, believing that their future lay in business life, have been enrolled as students at the Sarnia Business College. Walter Robinson has lately left the Upper School and, instead of pondering over difficult problems in Physics, is delving into the intricacies of Shorthand.

The druggists of Sarnia fully appreciate the value of students graduated from the S. C. I., and several of them have secured positions in local drug stores. Muir Garoch and Kenneth Fiddes are with the Clement Drug Co., Vincent Leach with the Geary Drug Co., and Alex. Ingram with the Ingersoll Drug Co.

Other graduates who have entered business life are Jule MacVicar, Roal Bank of Canada; Morrison Copeland, Imperial Oil Co.; Harold Fuller, reading law with Pardee, Burnham and Gurd; David Stokes, draftsman with The Mueller Manufacturing Co.; Stanley Teskey, employed in Strathroy; and Kathleen Simpson, employed in Port Huron.

The Commercial Department is doing its share to uphold the honour of the school. The members of the graduating class have practically all accepted positions. Bernadette Bedard, Dr. Kinsman; Flossie Ford, Helen McLaren and Kathleen Talor, Mueller Manufacturing Co.; Agnes Mercer, Carter and Co.; Lela Miller, John R. Logan law offices; Irene McArthur, Sarnia Collegiate Institute stenographer; Marjorie Stinson, Telephone Co.; Gladys Storey, John Goodison Co.; while Eva Tremeer and Olive Mills are living leisurely home lives.

Several of the graduates have sought positions elsewhere. Isabel McLaren, Bertha Poland and Helen Wilkinson are in Port Huron; Phyllis George is in Detroit, and Margaret Mulvale is in Hamilton.

FUNNY SIGHTS

The victims posing in front of Teddy Kinsman's camera.
Max Stein trying to look grave.

Teddy Kinsman as the bachelor at the Commercial Concert.

"The Collegiate" Staff in action.

Winsome Pendergast's writing.

Commercial boys "turning the rails" for the benefit of the public school girls.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

When you read the following
 Don't read it with disdain;
 But if you see some old stuff,
 Just laugh at it again.

Phippen (at the Basketball Dance): "Some of those people would be great dancers but for two things."

Keith Watson: "What are they?"

Phippen: "Their feet."

Weather Forecast

in

"The Knickerbocker Press" (Lower I.)

"When the rooster crows at sunrise
 In that strident tone of his,
 The weather either changes
 Or remains just as it is."

A hint for the Final Zoology Exams:—

"To prove that the ears of grasshoppers are in their legs, a very simple experiment will suffice. Place a grasshopper on the table. Knock on the table. He will jump off. Now cut off his legs and you will find that he will not jump."

Upper School Class-room:

Miss L. Campbell due for French lesson. Miss Story, with a great armful of books and impatient to make the most of the short half-hour period, hastens into the room. U. S. students gaze in amazement first at Miss Story, then at the time-table, then back at Miss Story.

Miss Story: "I'm here, am I not?"

Beatty (sotto voce): "Partly."

Ella: "Doesn't Lynn Myers look awfully pale these days?"

Edith: "Well, you see, Mr. Brown said that Lynn had to be here on time every morning, and now the poor boy loses his morning beauty sleep."

Grace G.: "Aren't we getting on splendidly with our dancing?"

Annie C.: "Yes, we are taking great strides."

Miss B.: "Alfred, you shouldn't talk to the girls so much. Ten years from now will be time enough for that."

Alfred: "Yes, but I have to get some practice."

Alfred R.: Miss Burke, am I made of dust?"

Miss B.: "I think not. If you were you might dry up now and then."

What would you think if:

Manetta Cairns grew tall?

Willie Mitchell lost his Scotch accent?

Bob MacDougall took no books home?

Park Jamieson entered Field Day Sports?

Blanche Virgo missed a basket?

Middle I. kept quiet for a whole space?

McLean Morrison had no excuse?

Frances Young lost her lithp?

Jack Barrie sang tenor in the Glee Club?

Middle II. got out sharp at noon?

Elgin Turnbull got thin?

Helen Lockie made a noise?

No teacher kept Lower II. boys in?

Upper School essays came in on time?

Mr. Brown lost his temper?

All the teachers attended Lit. meetings?

Gretta Bedford forgot and smiled?

Bessie Fisher lost all her steady beaux?

Superlatives in Middle and Upper School

Tallest—Burton Phippen

Shortest—Manetta Cairns

Thinnest—Eileen MacDonald

Fattest—Wilfred Rice

Fairest—Anna Gabler

Darkest—Max Stein

Reddest—Ivan Caldwell

Quietest—Marion Radford

Noisiest—Ed. Ferguson

Jolliest—Margaret Deans

Happiest—Frances Young

Most Literary—Mary McGeachy

Most Musical—Aileen Richardson

Most Studious—Mina Knowles

Most Dignified—Bob MacDougall

Most Argumentative—Eugene Slater

Best Bluffer—"Red" Cowan.

Reddy Cowan's habit of wearing a white band around his head is said to have made quite a hit with the girls.

WANTED—

A Virgil translation—Alex Lucas.
 A lady friend—Park Jamieson.
 A season's ticket to the Majestic—Stuart Richardson.
 A school elevator—Keith Watson.
 Some new field of endeavour—Edward McCobb.
 A good pompadour—Walter Morris.
 A set of multiplication tables—Beulah Leitch.
 A holiday—Upper School.
 A beau—Muriel McMillan.
 A box of "all-day suckers"—Middle I.
 The reason—Margaret McLean.
 A safety vault—Miss Gordon.
 A companion in misery—Frank Wise.
 A mirror—Reta Barnes.
 A six-foot ladder—Elva Pilkey.

ASPIRATIONS

Mary McGeachy—to compile a dictionary.
 Dadie Clark—to be in a real fight.
 Mary Conn—to do the Japanese dance.
 Harold Slater—to be a chemist.
 Marion Patton—to be a lawyer.
 Carl Manore—to be a journalist.
 Ruth Mackenzie—to become a basketball champion.
 Beulah Leitch—to become a professor of mathematics.
 "Davy"—to find an empty classroom at 3.30 p.m.
 Gordon Gardiner—to grow.
 Ken. McGibbon—to join the Glee Club.
 Frank Wise—to be a bachelor.

S. C. I. ART GALLERY

"Plowing" (Rosa Bonheur)—S. C. I. Faculty reading
 exam. papers.
 "The Gleaners" (Millet)—Modert History class seeking
 material for their essays.
 "Dance of the Nymphs" (Corot)—Middle I. boys dancing
 "Bleking."
 "The Laughing Cavalier" (Hals)—Gordon Carr.
 "Song of the Lark" (Breton)—Anna Gabler's solo.
 "Baby Stuart" (Van Dyke)—S. Bulman.
 "The Mill" (Ruysdael)—S. C. I.
 "Saved" (Landseer)—Joe Johnson getting 40 per cent.
 in Latin.
 "The Knitting Shepherdess" (Millet)—Park Jamieson.

"The Anxious Family" (Israels)—Middle II. before Matric. Exams.

"The Embassy Ball" (Menzel)—S. C. I. "At Home."

"Song without Words" (Hunter)—Vera Smith's song in the Commercial Concert.

"Girl With Apple" (Greuze)—Peggy Deans.

"The Cherub Choir" (Reynolds)—The Glee Club.

"In Fear and Trembling" (Knaus)—S. C. I. students on the last Friaray of each month.

"Wandering Thoughts" (Millet)—Lower III. Grammar Class.

"Le Marquis de Pompadour" (Boucher)—John Allan.

"A Toiler of the Sea" (Israels)—Hardy Hill.

"Goose Pluckers" (Liebermann)—Departmental Examiners.

"Out of Everywhere into Here" (Peacock)—S. C. I. Freshmen.

"The Young Dancer" (Watteau)—Bernice Knowles.

"The Nursery" (Waterloo)—Lower I.

"Little Mary" (Beechey)—Mary McNamara.

"Triumph of the Innocents" (Hunt)—Lower V. gaining the Basketball Championship.

"The Parson's Daughter" (Romney)—Mary Clarke.

"Orphans" (Kennington)—S. C. I. students when Mr. Brown is away inspecting schools.

"The Jester" (Hals)—David Howard.

"In Love" (Stone)—Neal Gabler.

"At the Watering Trough" (Dagnam-Bouvert)—Drill classes stalling at the fountains.

"Welcome Tidings" (Leighton)—News of a new school.

"Dignity and Impudence" (Landseer)—Bruce Carruthers and "Red" Thompson.

"The Dreamer" (Maes)—Jack Richardson.

"The Vale of Rest" (Millais)—Upper School Class Room.

"The Flute Player" (Meissonier)—Fred Fralick.

"The Order of Release" (Millais)—Matric. Diplomas.

Report.
"The Reckoning" (Morland)—Teachers' Confidential Report.

"Mercury and the Garces" (Tintoretto)—Homer and the Peak Sisters.

"The All Pervading" (Watts)—Laboratory odours.

D.M.G.; W.A.D.
"The Three Fates" (Parthenon-Pediment) — C.L.B.;

"Angel With Drum" (Fra Angelico)—George Hamilton.

Hill.
"Returning to the Fold" (Davis)—Jack Barrie and Hardy

S.C.I.
"Haymakers Resting" (Delobbe)—S.O.S. boys back at the

"In a Fog" (Farquharson)—Upper School Physics classes.

"A Cool Retreat" (Garland)—Lower III. class room on cold days.

"The Guardian Angel" (Guercino)—"Davy."

"Children at Play" (Brueghel)—Freshie Basketball Games.

"Cupid's Hunting Field" (Burne-Jones)—St. Andrew's Rink.

"In Great Distress" (Knaus)—Spaces when lessons are unprepared.

"The Farmer's Daughter" (Orchardson)—Grace Sharpe.

"Innocence" (Greuze)—Ivan Caldwell.

"Reading from Homer" (Alma Tadema)—Margaret McLean.

"Age of Innocence" (Reynolds)—Mary Heffron.

"The Everlasting Prayer" (Maes)—"Hand in all essays by four o'clock."

"Obedient to the Law" (Goodall)—All of us (?)

"Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds" (Leighton)—Middle I. boys in evening dress.

Many are Called—few are Chosen

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The Annual Dividend Rate of 1917 and 1918 will be maintained in 1919. Provides Life Incomes for disabled members.

L. D. Caldwell, Special Dist. Representative

In the Middle II. English Class, apropos of an oral exercise assigned on "The Ancient Mariner":

Helen McKim: "Please, Miss Story, "I have 'A Change of Heart'."

Miss Story: "Yes, Helen? I am very glad to hear it."

Mother: "Lucy, who was in to see you last night?"

L. Morris (blushing): Oh! Why, mother, it was Marie."

Mother (smiling): "Well, you tell Marie that she left her pipe on the sofa."



MAN reached up into the sky and captured the lightning of which he for centuries

had been so fearful. And now it is his servant—day and night it works his will, providing comfort for the multitude. Are you getting your share of Elect. assistance?

F. Chambers & Co. :: Front St., Sarnia

IT IS FOLLY

Not to make provision, while it
is in your power, for hard
times, sickness and
old age

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1846—1919

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Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
Send me ten dollars
And I'll think of you.

Father's reply:

Some roses are red,
And others are pink;
Enclosed find ten dollars,—
I don't think.

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absolutely without the slightest pain.

NATIONAL DENTISTS

PORT HURON, MICH.

Miss Harris: "Can anyone tell me what the ruler of
Russia is called?"

Jamieson (promptly): "The Czar."

Miss Harris: "And what is his wife called?"

McCobb: "The Czarina."

Miss Harris: "Can anyone tell me what the children of
the Czar are called?"

Cowan: "Czardines."

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She met him in the darkened hall,
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Her answer seemed irrelevant;
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Her answer seemed irrelevant,
But when you've recollect'd,
Then plainly you can see that it
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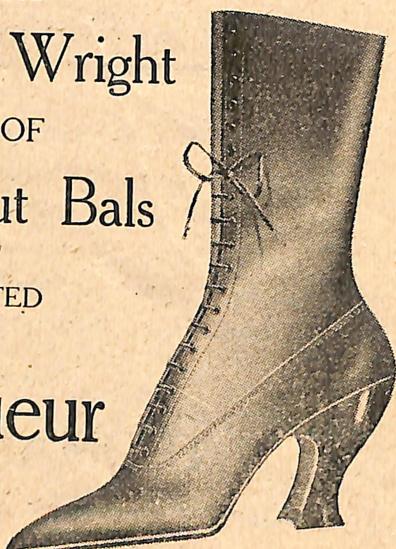
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"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

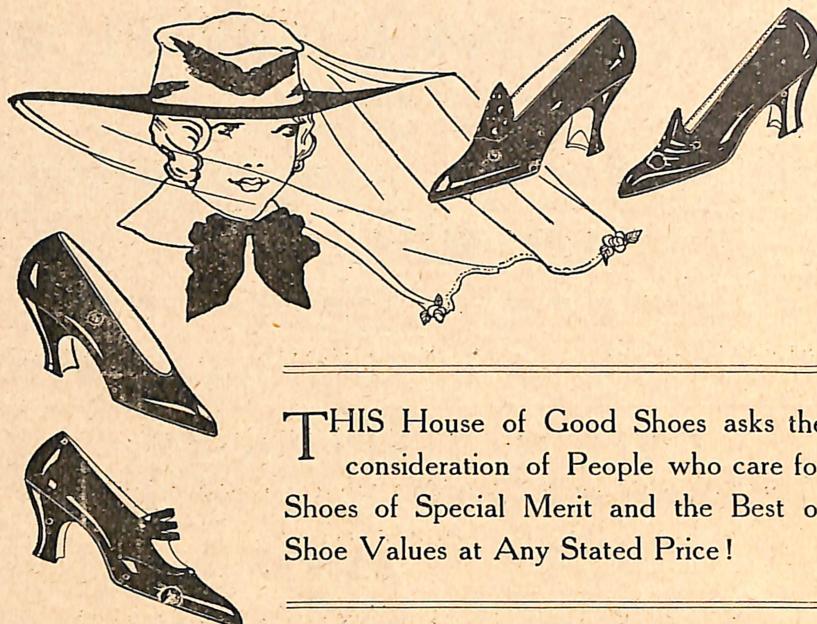
"That's it," blubbered the boy, indignantly, "You pound-ed the life out of me, and now you don't know why you did it."

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